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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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R.A.A.F. boy has tea with the Queen

Queen Elizabeth licked her fingers "in the most natural manner" after eating a chocolate biscuit.

This is one of the delighted observations of a young Air Force man in a boyish letter describing his meeting with the King and Queen during leave in Cornwall.

"ON Thursday there was great excitement, for we found out that the King and Queen were going to visit the rectory where we were staying," writes wireless operator W. M. Thomas to his mother, Mrs. W. Thomas, Melville Rd., Broadmeadow, N.S.W.

"The canon is the King's chaplain.

"The Queen wore a blue frock embroidered round the neck with sapphires, with a big sapphire on the shoulder. The King was in naval uniform.

"While the King, with the canon (who is a major), inspected the Home Guard, who were drawn up on the edge of the lawn, the Queen sat on a garden chair.

"We had only painted it a day or two before, and were scared that the paint would come off on her frock.

"After the inspection their Majesties came inside, where the canon's aunt and David and I were presented to them.

"The Queen asked us numerous questions regarding Australia, and on my mentioning that I came from Newcastle she said that she remembered quite distinctly the occasion of her visit there. She said I must have been quite a small child at the time.

"They then had morning tea in the big room facing the lawn.

"The Queen took her gloves off to have tea, David and I doing the parlor tricks with the tea, sugar, milk, etc.

"She told me she was a welcome guest in these days, as she does not take sugar.

"She had a large chocolate biscuit, saying that she wished she could get some for her children.

"I noticed that when she finished it she licked the tips of her fingers in such a natural manner.

"The King and Queen once again had a conversation with us, and sympathised with you, Mum, over me being here and away for so long. So you see you are in the thoughts of the Royal circle at times.

"They really are very charming. They are both very easy to speak to, and set us at ease very soon."

A.I.F. IN THE MIDDLE EAST. Back row, left to right: Reg Pearce, Derby Monro, baby of the section, aged 19, Keith Chancellor, Stan Hutton, Tom Dignam, L.-Cpl. Claude Roderick. Front row, left to right: Fred Sing, Billy Newhouse, Cpl. Ron Tuttlebee, Tom Henderson. Photo sent in by Mrs. A. Dignam, Wingello, N.S.W.

WIRELESS OPERATOR W. M. THOMAS had morning tea with the King and Queen.

P.O. Philip Kerr to his mother, Mrs. E. F. Kerr, Harrisville, Qld.:

"LADY FRANCIS RYDER has a scheme here whereby you just put in your name and she sends you the address of a home to go to for your leaves.

"Jack and I drew a place called Gordonbush, outside Brora, a town on the east coast of the county of Sutherland, in Northern Scotland.

"It turned out to be six miles from the coast amidst real Scottish country scenery. It wasn't a town, but just the home of a rich Englishman—just like a castle to us.

"Jack was in one corner of the building and I was in the other—we were almost afraid of setting out for each other's rooms for fear of getting lost.

"During our stay we went deer stalking, a sport that gives one plenty of exercise.

"On the last day, with snow six inches thick on the ground and us dressed like Finland's winter soldiers, we finally shot our first deer.

"We arrived there on New Year's Eve, and so spent New Year's Day with them. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland came over for dinner, too.

"We found the Duchess most entertaining and charming.

"Jack and I were invited over to their home, Dunrobin Castle, part of which was built as far back as 900 A.D. A most delightful old place, and quite interesting. The walls were covered with fine old portraits and scenes."

Sapper Reynolds somewhere in Australia to Mrs. A. Reynolds, 47 Gladstone Ave., Croxton, Vic.:

"ONE of the chaps came to the mess-room door to-night, turned round, whistled, and called: 'Here pup, come on in, nice pup.'

"And in thumped a dog. Well, there was dead silence for thirty seconds while everyone took him in.

"It was hard to decide whether it was a dog or a horse, he was so big. I've never seen a dog so big, honestly I haven't. He is massive.

"They brought him home in the truck from town. I'll bet it took three to lift him up.

"At present he is stretched out in front of the fire, and nobody else can get near it. He's a Great Dane, I think, and when he walks the ground shakes."

Sapper Fred Everett somewhere in Australia to his mother, Mrs. A. Everett, 47 Matthews St., Punchbowl, N.S.W.:

"WE held a concert in the mess-hut last night.

"Strange as it may seem, there were actually two women in the audience. Yes, women, mind you—the first two women ever to be seen in our bachelors' paradise.

"They were two sisters from a hospital, who came over to see the boys' concert.

"You would have thought the boys were going to a ball the way they hung around the mirrors doing their hair.

"The cricket menace is still raging in the barracks. They have eaten practically everything from blankets and socks to the good old army boots. When we are off duty at night 'cricket derbies' are held in the hut, and all the rules of turf racing are adhered to.

"The use of batteries or dope is forbidden, but a sock (which is the crickets' favorite food) is hung over the winning post, and has the same effect.

"The cows are still causing us a lot of work, for it is almost a full-time job knitting socks around the holes the crickets have left.

"Up here the boys are always seeing things, and, fair dinkum, the things we see on dark nights make your blood run cold.

"For instance, Wobby Gogs are fairly numerous around these parts, especially on dark nights when you're alone.

"These Wobby Gogs are the size of a small dog, have luminous eyes, a head like a threepenny piece, wear pink slippers, and travel about 18 inches off the ground!"

Gunner J. F. Payne, somewhere in Australia, to Miss Lynette Hughes, 42 Canterbury Rd., Camberwell E6, Vic.:

"MY tent looks as if it is patterned on the latest modern flat style. The sides are raised up with galvanised iron (scrounged), and I have a stretcher made out of straight boughs and wheat-sacks.

"I am really rather proud of it. After all it's all my own work—'the house that Jack built.'

"Just across from me is a big clump of paper-bark trees. The bark strips off just like sheets of paper, and is very light in color. At night it looks a haunted forest.

"The blackouts down there haven't a thing on the darkness up here. At present there isn't any moon. It's absolutely pitch black, and through this I have well-barked shins.

"Last night I couldn't find my tent, fell down a hole, and tried to rub noses with a horse—wouldn't it? . ."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter or extract from a letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1.

How does she keep so Youthful & Charming

She's as pretty as a picture, all agree. She simply can't help attracting attention with her clear skin and sparkling health. She keeps up to the mark—ready to tackle any job—just as you can—by taking Bile Beans nightly.

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—Mrs. E. KING.

Pave the way to victory—buy War Savings Certificates.

BILE BEANS

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE

MR. T. H. HENDERSON
. . . N.E.S. ambulances

INSPECTOR of ambulance services and assistant commissioner of St. John Ambulance Brigade in N.S.W., Superintendent T. H. Henderson, M.B.E., is also officer in charge of N.E.S. emergency ambulances.

Has under his control 800 women drivers fully trained in first aid and mechanics, organised in 38 divisions throughout the State. Mr. Henderson has been connected with the ambulance movement since 1906.

SISTER A. R. HOBILL
. . . A.W.A.S. welfare

FORMERLY sister at Commonwealth Health Department, Brisbane, Sister Avis R. Hobill has been appointed welfare officer for the Australian Women's Army Service personnel. Chief duty will be checking up and supervising working conditions for A.W.A.S. personnel in Queensland.

Sister Hobill, who is first Queensland woman to hold the position, did her general nursing in Victoria. Later worked at Lady Bowen Hospital, Brisbane, and at the Queensland Child Welfare Centre.

MR. J. A. NIMMO
. . . Searcher

MELBOURNE barrister Mr. J. A. Nimmo, who recently returned after serving as Red Cross searcher in Middle East, is now in charge of similar service in Australian war zone. He is Senior Representative, Australian Red Cross Searcher Service, which will operate in same way as overseas unit in checking up information regarding missing men. "After Greece and Crete, when 8000 were missing, we traced all but fifty," says Mr. Nimmo.

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THE WELL IN THE PADDOCK

By Australian Author
M. E. MACKENZIE

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MALACHI AHEARN and his son Neil were riding up the eastern slope of the range. Malachi took the lead, as he always did, mounted on a flea-bitten grey. He held the reins bunched in one hand, while his keen old eyes were searching the bush, glancing from side to side, though his head never turned.

Neil followed his father, that being his ordained and unvarying custom. His light blue eyes in his freckled face betokened amiability, but lacked shrewdness, and his features gave no indication of a forceful personality.

All Neil's brothers had left home before they were twenty, having had the hardihood to quarrel violently with Malachi before doing so. But Neil at twenty-three was still there, following his father like a cur at heel, and earning his relentless contempt.

A cattle station's unfenced boundary skirted the foot of the range on the east, but about two miles before it reached the turn it ran south. It was here, wedged in by this boundary and the two faces of the range, that Malachi had his selection.

Bill Carter occupied the boundary rider's hut beside the creek. He endeavored to keep the cattle on the station land, but when the frost whitened the grass of the lower country up on the range the dense scrub timber screened the herbage and it remained green and juicy.

Then the cattle wandered away from the station, climbing up the steep sides of the range till they came to the gorges.

They climbed beside a mountain creek till they fed on the green grass of a plateau, only leaving it at midday to trot nimbly down the sinuous slippery tracks to drink the ice-cold water in the pools. When the stockmen came to muster them they cursed them for their wanderings, for the rough steep country tested their horses and tried their horsemanship.

They swore longest at the water-shoots, very shallow rocky channels having the appearance of pavements laid down the side of the mountain. When it rained the water rushed down them and poured into the creek. They were always dangerous, presenting a steep surface.

Malachi was searching for cattle that had strayed from his selection, and he found them on the plateau feeding beside bullocks from the station. He mustered his own cattle, four bullocks here and two cows with their calves farther on, while Neil rounded up the five steers that were missing. They drove them in one mob, and Curly, Neil's dog, was invaluable, for he trotted around the anxious steers and bullocks, forcing them to keep pace with the little calves.

All the while Malachi took note of the station bullocks, five beasts ready for topping off.

Away from the plateau they drove their cattle down the range and turned into Malachi's back paddock, which was itself well up the mountain side, being rocky and thickly timbered, but waterless. Because of the sweet grass that stayed green in the winter time, Malachi decided to ring the timber and sink a well in this paddock.

He hired no help on his selection, but he extracted the labor of two men from Neil.

They had been weeks sinking the well. At twenty-five feet they struck a soak, but though they were now eighty feet down they had seen no more water.

Just at present Malachi was optimistic. They were on hard rock, and because of its formation he declared they should strike a flow once they had pierced it.

They left the cattle in the paddock, and Malachi said to Neil, "Ye go an' see the slabs are coverin' the well right. If a beast falls down the well I'll break yeer neck an' chuck ye down on top of it."

Malachi rode home and Neil followed, with Curly barking at his stirrup, and his thoughts were on Katie Willert, wondering if he would go to see her after tea.

The Willerts had a selection nine miles away. Katie was engaged to Bill Carter, but Neil was content to sit at her feet offering her an adoration that was pure hero-worship.

The Willerts always had a welcome for Neil, being sorry for his lonely, hard existence. Katie fussed over him, eager to cheer him as she would an unhappy child.

Neil was not always unhappy, and he enjoyed periods of genuine peace and contentment. They occurred when Malachi "went away." He usually "went away" after being exceedingly tyrannous. He did not mention his going to anyone, but just saddled a horse and rode off. When he did not return by night his mother would say to Neil, "It looks like your father's went away," and until Malachi returned, which might be within a few days, or a week or a month, a new spirit seemed to enter into the little slab dwelling.

Malachi came home when it pleased him without sending word to anyone.

THE day after mustering their cattle the two men rode to the well. The dynamiting went off well that morning, and deeper and deeper they pierced the rock till they knew they were almost through.

Neil went down for the last charge. He left a long fuse, which he lit a mere second before his father commenced to wind up the ropes that carried him to the surface. Malachi could scarcely wait for the dust to clear before he went down. By every calculation in his reckoning, there should be water now at the bottom of the well.

Neil let the rope run and Malachi stood clinging to it, his feet on the board at the end, spinning down to where the well bottom was a chaotic bed of disrupted rock and dank earth.

"Any luck?" Neil called down anxiously. But there was no sign of water.

One glance at Malachi's face was enough to convince Neil of his disappointment, and because his father did not swear and blaspheme, because he caught his horse in silence and silently mounted and turned for home, Neil was afraid. Experience had taught him that someone would suffer before the day was out. Malachi's quiet wrath was something to dread.

Neil followed his father, riding through the bright sunlight with Curly beside him, making playful jumps at his stirrup-iron.

They dined in the kitchen, Malachi at one end of the table, eating steadily, his eyes moving restlessly. Neil sat facing the door with Curly at his feet. Mrs. Ahearn waited on the two men in silence, and her eyes scarcely left Malachi as she anticipated every need. Standing near him, gaunt and anxious, her face looked as though the ominous brooding that hung over them had sapped her strength.

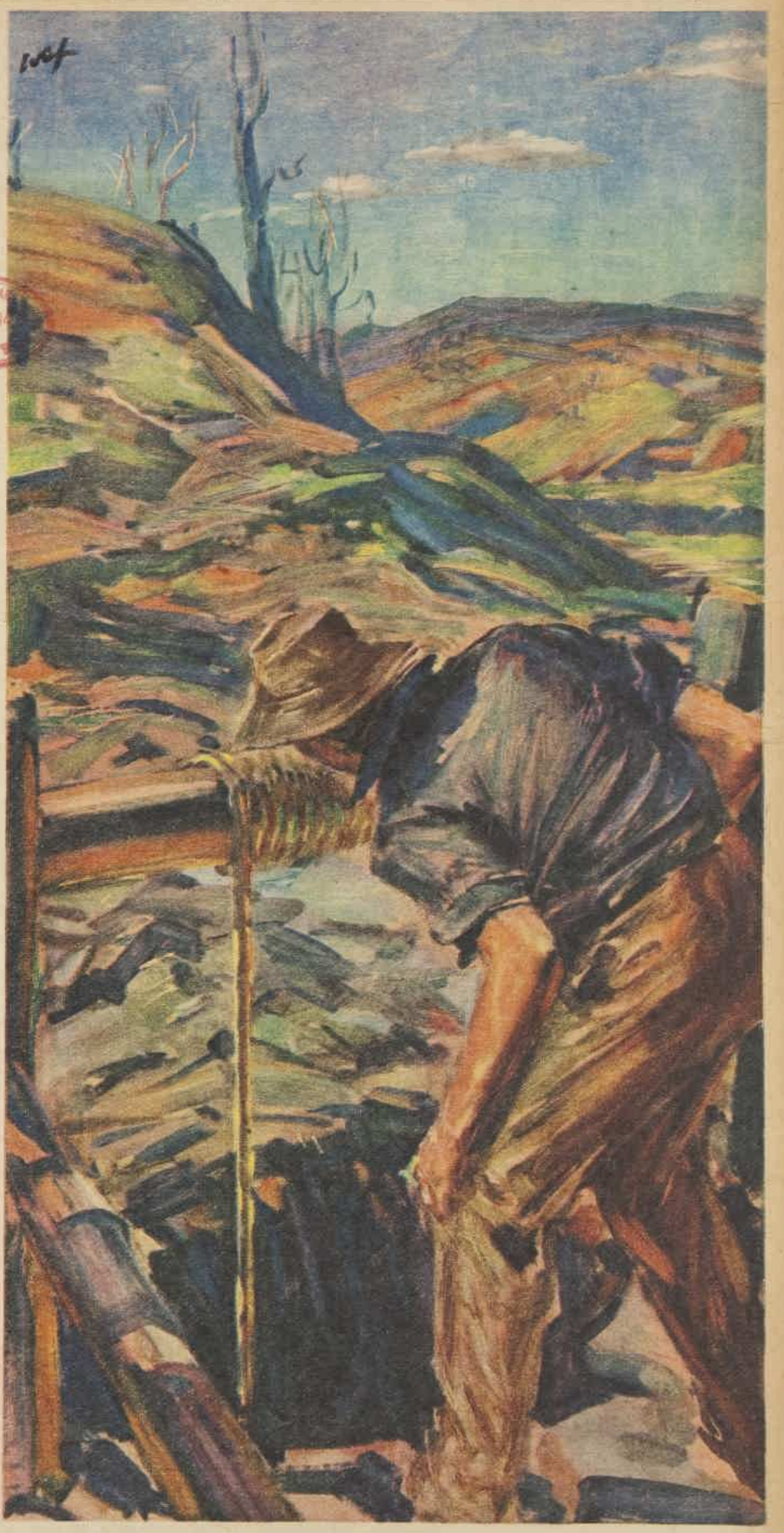
Outside the sun was bright and hot. Somewhere in the bush something disturbed a wallaby. It came within sight of the open kitchen door, hopping slowly and uncertainly towards the creek. In sight of the house it stood upright. Curly, who had been lying under the table with his head on his paws, jumped up with a joyous bark, raced down the steps, and across the paddock in pursuit of the wallaby.

With the sudden shattering of silence Mrs. Ahearn clasped her hands and glanced apprehensively at her husband, but he continued his meal, and gloom settled over everybody again.

Neil watched the wallaby bound away with Curly in pursuit, till they were out of sight, and the little dog's excited barks became faint in the distance.

Malachi finished his dinner, then left the kitchen. They heard him walking through the front of the house. Mrs. Ahearn looked a little easier, moving more freely as she went to the stove to get her own dinner.

Please turn to page 4



"Any luck?" Neil called down anxiously to his father.

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The Well in the Paddock

Continued from page 3

NEIL lounged back in his chair, smiling when he saw Curly racing back to the house, and interrupting his journey to jump at a magpie. Neil was happy watching him, for the little dog was so joyous and full of life.

Neil laughed, for Curly jumped so high in the air that he lost his balance and fell to the ground.

In a moment he was up again, but the magpie had flown away. Curly shook himself and trotted towards the house, his red tongue lolling.

Neil went to the door to meet him, but before Curly could reach the steps a shot rang out. Mrs. Ahearn dropped a spoon and caught her breath. Neil's mouth opened wide with surprise, but Curly jumped high in the air, then fell to the ground dead. Malachi put his gun away and caught his horse.

Neil sat on the ground with the dead dog in his arms, and his mother's hand clutched his shoulder. Malachi was near, saddling up, while Neil abused him. In his monotonous voice he mouthed at Malachi every filthy oath and expression he had ever heard, while the tears rolled down his cheeks and he rocked his dog like a woman does her baby.

Mrs. Ahearn was saying "Hush! Hush! He'll do ye a harm. Come along in," gently shaking his shoulder to try to get his attention away from his father, but Malachi only glanced contemptuously at Neil before he rode away.

"Maybe," said Mrs. Ahearn, "yeer father will go away for a bit," but Neil shook his head. He knew his father was not ready to go away just yet.

At sundown Mrs. Ahearn came to Neil again.

"I got a pot o' cape gooseberry jam I want to give to Mrs. Willert." She showed it to him and then wrapped it up. "Your horse is real handy." She pointed to it feeding in the paddock nearby.

"I'll go after tea," he said listlessly. But his mother was trying to prevent him meeting his father at the evening meal, so she said, "Ye'll git a bit o' tea at Willerts. Here's yeer bridle." She thrust it into his hand and urged him to the feeding horse.

. . . . .

The Willerts set a place for Neil at the table and Katie brought his tea.

Bill Carter was sitting on a form with Jack Willert. Old Mr. Willert smoked beside the stove.

"How's the well?" he asked Neil. "Any water yet?"

"No," said Neil. His dull eyes hardened and he looked at Katie. "He shot Curly," he told her, his voice monotonous.

"What! Shot Curly!" Katie came nearer. "Are you sayin' your pa shot your little dog?"

"Yeh," said Neil in the same level tone.

"What for?" Mr. Willert removed his pipe to ask the question.

"There wasn't no water in the well," Neil informed him, "so he shot Curly."

THE women looked at each other, pity and disgust mingled in their expressions. Jack Willert drew the whole story from Neil while the others listened. "I told him what I thought of him," Neil boasted at the end.

"Pity he didn't fall down his well," commented old Willert.

Neil commenced to tell them what he had said to his father, but Mrs. Willert interrupted.

"Look, Neil," pointing to his plate and speaking kindly and gently as one would to a child. "You eat your tea."

Neil picked up his knife and fork, then put them down again. "He'll be wantin' Curly when he goes musterin', he'll miss him then." He nodded his head sorrowfully.

"Goin' musterin', are you?" asked Jack.

"There ain't no other dog to hold a mob like Curly," continued Neil, as though oblivious of Jack's interruption.

"I suppose your cattle get out and wander up the range." Old Willert puffed at his pipe and looked inquiringly at Neil, but he was not listening. His eyes were vacant and his voice droned on monotonously. "Curly'd hold twenty bullocks near them watershoots."

"Watershoots!" murmured Jack.

"Curly would take cattle all through that Jiramon scrub, no matter how dark, an' not a bark out of him. He was the best little dog." Neil's eyes were growing misty.

Katie came quickly to him. "Look here, Neil," she patted his shoulder. "I'll tell you what. Your pa was real mean to shoot your dog, and we're all real sorry, but it won't do to fret too much. You just try and put him out of your mind a bit. Jack will have a look round to see if he can get a pup, won't you, Jack?"

Bill spoke before Jack could answer.

"I'll give you a pup, Neil. I got a litter at the hut right now. I'll bring one here an' Katie can mind it till you come an' get it."

They all became voluble about the pups, eager to cheer Neil, but he rambled on.

"Curly could kill snakes," put in Neil. "Once I nearly stepped on a snake, but Curly grabbed it and shook it to pieces in a minute. Me mother said he saved my life."

"Maybe this pup will be a good snake dog, too," suggested Katie. "You come down and get it one day next week. Bill will bring it here Saturday, won't you, Bill?"

"You take these to your mother," Mrs. Willert handed him a sugar bag half filled with oranges, "and tell her the jam's real nice."

Neil threw the bag over his shoulder and rode home. All the way he was saying to himself: "Curly saved me life. He saved me from the snake, but I couldn't do nothing for him."

He did not know that while he was at Willerts he had mentioned the bullocks that Curly could hold on the watershoots at Jiramon Creek. He just thought of Curly and how he had saved his life.

Jogging along, the reins loose on the mare's neck, his mumbling ceased and his chin sank to his chest. By the time he reached home he had made a plan. He got into bed and slept until the kookaburras' boisterous laughter woke him in the morning.

. . . . .

Bill Carter did not forget the bullocks or the watershoots at Jiramon Creek. He was certain Neil referred to a future muster, and he had hoped he would say the day it was to take place. The station cattle had a habit of disappearing once they got into the mountains, and Malachi Ahearn had the reputation of selling more bullocks than were ever seen on his selection.

Bill was careful not to recall Neil's conversation to the Willerts. He had implicit faith in their honesty, but he knew how kindhearted they were. He could imagine Katie explaining to Neil the seriousness of cattle-duffing, too anxious to shield the simple boy to realise she was issuing a warning he could carry to Malachi.

Bill Carter awoke early and rode to the homestead. The afternoon of the following day he and three of the stockmen returned to the hut, rested there till the moon rose, then saddled and rode up the range.

Malachi left home the same evening on his grey horse, with Neil following on the bay mare. By the time the stockmen left Carter's hut the Ahearns were crossing the plateau.

The moon showed up the big shapes of the bullocks, sleeping on the ground. Very carefully Malachi roused them, one and then another. Skilfully the two men urged them to another one grazing in the shadows. Then two more were added to the mob.

They missed Curly, who would have trotted at their heels, or brought back the restless ones that tried to break away. When they had mustered twelve, Malachi knew it would take all their skill to drive them from the plateau and across the steep slopes of Jiramon Creek to the scrub on the other side. Once there the task was easier.

A few more miles and they would leave the beaten tracks and go across country to a paddock where the cattle would be turned to graze. A butcher owned the paddock, and he was not particular about the brands on the hides of the bullocks, for the price he paid Malachi was profitable to both of them.

The twelve bullocks travelled fast across the plateau, rather too fast, thought Malachi.

Neil rode ahead for a while hoping to steady them down the steep incline.

Then he came up at the side of the mob, pressing them towards Jiramon Creek, and trusting to their natural instincts to keep them from stumbling down the rugged cliffs to the pools.

They had to turn from the cliffy creek bank at last, and cross the open slope and the watershoots that traversed it before they could enter Jiramon scrub. Malachi's horse sent a stone rolling down the slope, and as though they had waited for a signal the bullocks stampeded. The two men raced after them in an effort to get them together again at the foot of the spur. Neil saw a watershoot ahead, and rode carefully over its greasy surface, but Malachi came at a gallop.

In the middle his horse slipped. He jerked savagely at the reins, but the horse fell sprawling, throwing him over its head into a patch of bracken on the other side.

It was a bad fall for an old man, but when Neil rode back to help him he had jerked his horse to its feet, and was climbing into the saddle, shouting to him to ride above the cattle till he could get ahead of them.

Neil could hear them lumbering over the stones and crashing through the lightly-timbered patches as he rode hard to try to get these noises behind him. But presently he was startled by another sound, the barking of a dog.

The next minute he realised that the bullocks were coming towards him, and the dog was driving them. He heard a man whistle, and the dog scampered up the hill, crossing Neil's path as it ran towards the man who whistled.

Neil waited for no more. He turned his mare straight down the steep spur, coming nearer the dense scrub, and intercepting his father, who, being under the impression that Neil had turned the bullocks, was riding towards them, intent on getting them over the creek.

He checked his horse in amazement seeing Neil racing away from the cattle, but before he could speak Neil called, "Didn't you hear the dog? That was Bill Carter's dog. Bill Carter is up there and some more chaps."

The dog barked again, and Malachi could hear horses slithering down the slope. He turned with Neil and they raced for the scrub.

They came to another watershoot and Neil got swiftly across, but Malachi's horse baulked. He dug in the spurs, but the grey reared

Please turn to page 18

SHEILA'S EFFICIENT—now Sheila's smart as well! She gives drab blotchy skin the go-bye with Rexona Soap. Its creamy-soft, medicated lather floats poisons out of pores . . . gives a complexion the youthful bloom of a new-cut rose. Why don't you keep your skin naturally lovely, just like this? But don't expect any other soap to do Rexona's job—there's nothing else with *all* Rexona's valuable medicaments.

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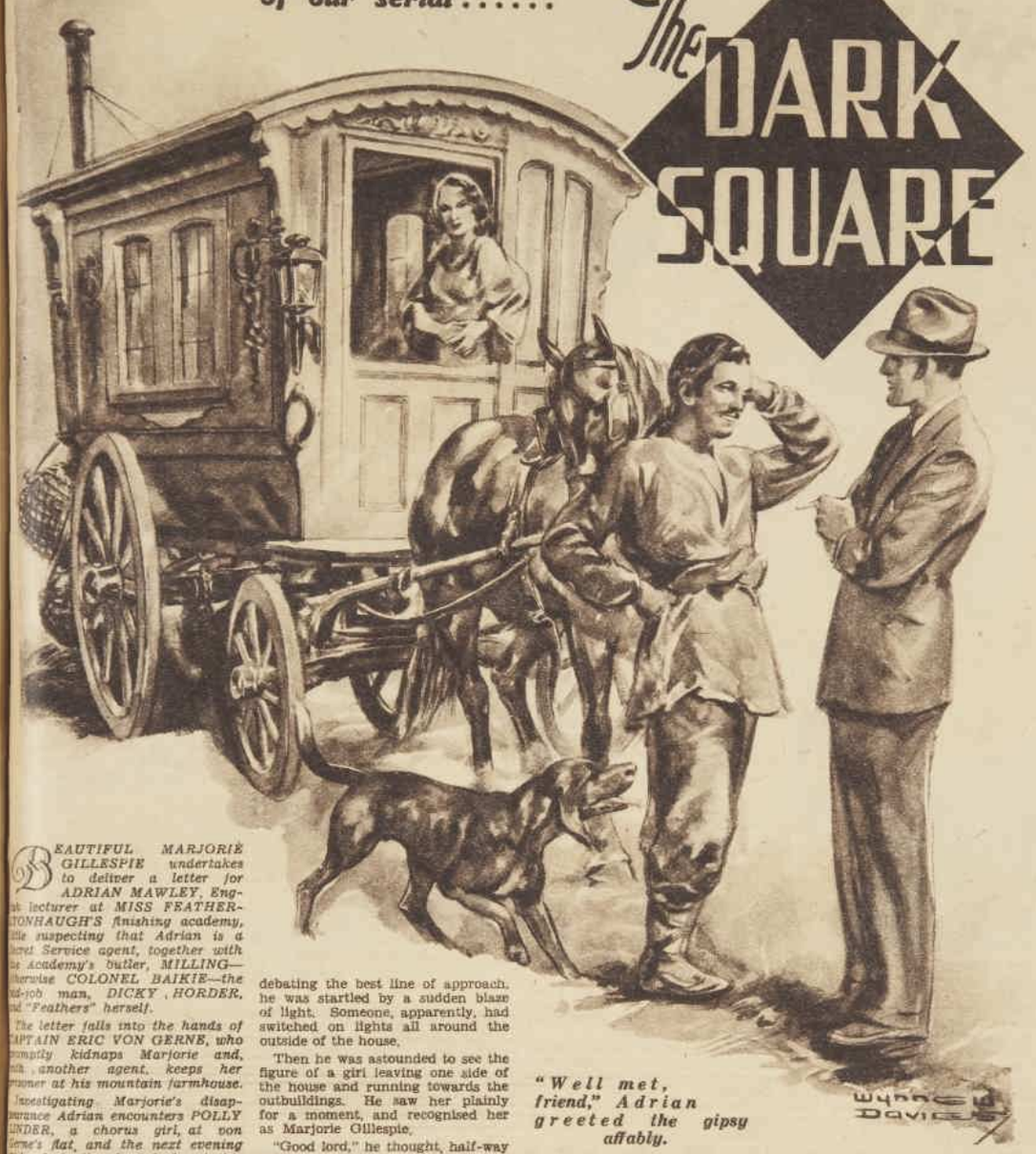
● *Further instalment of our serial . . . . . .*

The DARK SQUARE

By LAURENCE MEYNELL



"Well met, friend," Adrian greeted the gipsy affably.

BEAUTIFUL MARJORIE GILLESPIE undertakes to deliver a letter for ADRIAN MAWLEY, English lecturer at MISS FEATHERSTONHAUGH'S finishing academy, little suspecting that Adrian is a Secret Service agent, together with the Academy's butler, MILLING—otherwise COLONEL BAIKIE—the odd-job man, DICKY HORDER, and "Feathers" herself.

The letter falls into the hands of CAPTAIN ERIC VON GERNE, who promptly kidnaps Marjorie and, with another agent, keeps her prisoner at his mountain farmhouse.

Investigating Marjorie's disappearance Adrian encounters POLLY LINDER, a chorus girl, at von Gerne's flat, and the next evening Dicky finds the dead body of this girl on Adrian's doorstep. Meanwhile, during von Gerne's absence, Marjorie escapes, but overturns the car in which she drives away.

Now read on—

ADRIAN pressed his foot on the accelerator pedal and the choking and spluttering began again at once. He swore concisely and conclusively. On the way out from Charneck to Mountain Farm the spluttering had shown signs of developing at high speed, but it had not been bad, and he had pushed on rather than risk the delay of a roadside investigation.

His visit to Mountain Farm had been short and the incidents in it crowded and completely unexpected. Knowing that von Gerne was to be occupied with Polly Linder for at least some time he had hurried round to the garage, got out his car and set off for Inafarne straight away.

In spite of an occasional splutter or two he had made good time, and he was feeling in high spirits for his visit of investigation when, with all lights carefully extinguished, he had drawn the car up under the black shadow of some trees a little distance from the entrance gate.

From there he had gone on foot, and presently, through the trees and shrubs that dotted the place, he could see the squat dark outline of the farmhouse.

He stopped for a moment to make sure how the land lay and to plan his next moves. As he stood there, debating the best line of approach, he was startled by a sudden blaze of light. Someone, apparently, had switched on lights all around the outside of the house.

Then he was astounded to see the figure of a girl leaving one side of the house and running towards the outbuildings. He saw her plainly for a moment, and recognised her as Marjorie Gillespie.

"Good lord," he thought, half-way between surprise and admiration, "the lights aren't for me. They're for her. She's escaping."

He began running towards her, cupped his mouth with both hands and shouted,

"Miss Gillespie."

But she was inside the garage now, and his second shout was drowned by the sudden noise of a car engine.

He was still some way from her, and from the drive, which curved widely at that point. He had to make a decision and make it quickly. After only a second's thought he turned tail and went across the rough grass back to the spot in the roadway where he had left his car.

Five seconds later his engine was running and he was in pursuit. But he soon realised that it was going to be a hard job. The car he was chasing was fast and was well handled, he could keep on terms with it, but the moment he tried to go really fast the spluttering started again in his carburettor, and instead of gaining ground he lost it.

Still, he was comforted by the reflection that he had plenty of petrol in the tank, and so long as he didn't lose touch completely he didn't care much how long the chase lasted.

He had no idea where they were heading for; he supposed that Marjorie Gillespie had, but he couldn't be sure; and though at first he was able to get an occasional glimpse of the stars, even this guide to direction was soon denied him as heavy dark clouds from the south-west began to roll across the sky, obscuring the moonlight and threatening rain, which soon began to fall in earnest.

They must have been travelling for more than half an hour, when he suddenly became aware that the car in front was slowly but steadily beginning to draw away from him.

He increased his pressure on the accelerator pedal as much as he dared. Too much, for the dangerous spluttering started at once and he lost ground and cursed . . . If she was going to find an extra ten miles an hour from somewhere he would be beaten.

As sharply as though a black shutter had come down in front of it the red light vanished.

"Bend to the right," Adrian registered automatically, and in fifty seconds realised what an understatement that was.

THE road swung right-handed and all but doubled back on itself in an alarming way. Adrian's brakes squealed like an air-raid warning, and for one paralysing second he was quite certain that he would end up in some trees that stood just at the bend, but somehow or other, mostly on one wheel, he managed to scrape round.

There was no sign of the red lamp in front and Adrian realised that the time he had lost negotiating that hair-raising corner might be going to cost him dear. He got down to the business of keeping the engine as close as possible to the spluttering mark without actually reaching it, with the disturbing proviso darting about at the back of his mind, "I suppose she did get round that bend all right——"

Two miles farther on he was not so sure of it. Since the bad bend the road had run all but dead straight as though to make amends, and not a glimpse of the red tail-lamp had he caught. But in another mile his indecision was cut short. A red light showed up. Stationary. He pulled up beside it and discovered it to be the gleams of a charcoal fire by which an old man sat.

Beyond him was the entrance to a narrow hump-backed bridge, and beyond that the twinkling lights of a mountain village. The bridge was under reconstruction, and presumably the ancient was stationed there as director of traffic and guardian of the builder's material.

He was a very old man, squatting gnome-like over his fire, and he seemed astonished at seeing a car at all at that time of night. He was also exceedingly deaf, and Adrian spent an exasperating five minutes trying to establish any sort of contact with what there was of the old fellow's intellect.

At the end of a conversation which was mostly shouts and grunts, Adrian believed, without being quite certain, that he had established the fact that no car had passed over the bridge for a couple of hours.

He had to submit that there was quite a possibility that what he had really discovered was that two cars had gone over the bridge within the last hour; but in any case he had now lost so much time that pursuit would be quite hopeless, so he cursed the old watchman for a dullard and began to reverse his car.

To add to his delights the rain redoubled its efforts, and by the time he was back at the treacherous bend it was pouring down in torrents.

He left his car at the side of the road and got out to investigate with a hand torch.

His first glimpses told him that he was right. Something had skidded and scraped over the soft grass at the apex of the bend very recently, and somehow those skid marks looked ugly and frightening to Adrian.

He followed the all-too-plain track of the car, until the ground dropped suddenly into a hollow. There his torch showed him the car, wheels upwards, dark and deathly-looking.

"Good heavens!" he said aloud, "she must be killed."

He scrambled down towards it, calling her name, but there was no answer. He had not expected any. "Here goes," he thought, and on all fours he all but crawled through the open window of the car and flashed his torch into the interior.

There was nobody there.

"MR. MAWLEY has been detained," Feathers explained to her young ladies, "so I must ask you to pay attention for the next hour to M. Joubelle" (she stepped to one side and M. Joubelle, a frightened-looking little man with an enormous drooping moustache, appeared like a rabbit out of a hat), "who will lecture to you, in French, on the great French dramatic authors.

"I have asked M. Joubelle to send along to me any young lady whose attention is found to be wandering to any marked degree, and I will have a word with her."

Feathers smiled; and when she chose to make it so Feathers' smile could be an intimidating affair. There was complete silence in the class-room as M. Joubelle walked forward feeling a sudden striking sympathy with Daniel.

"Mesdemoiselles——" Feathers heard as she closed the door behind her. Catching sight of Baikie on the landing, she called out to him.

"As soon as that good-for-nothing man comes back from the market bring him to me, will you, Milling?"

"Very good, madam."

Twenty minutes later the two men were talking with Feathers in her room, Dicky armed with an enormous pannier of vegetables to give color to his part.

Late last night he had already acquainted them with his sensational discovery on Adrian's doorstep, and he had been back there again this morning in his capacity of interested idler to find out what he could.

"Any news of Adrian yet?" Baikie asked.

"Not a whisper. But he's the only one missing. That Square is fairly buzzing with people. The chief of police is there himself."

"Tell us all you heard," said Baikie.

"Frankly, it doesn't look too good," Dicky said. "The lodger on the floor higher up found the girl's body last night whilst I was back here telling you about it. Apparently he fainted, fell downstairs, and then fainted again. He tried to put in a bit about beating off half a dozen assassins, but nobody swallowed that. Unfortunately he had enough sense left to get hold of the police, and naturally that put the fat in the fire."

"What the devil Adrian wants to get messed up with a girl for I can't think," Baikie growled. "I don't believe he shot her—yet. But you never know when women get dragged into it. And anyway it queers the pitch so—police and inquiries and infernal poking about. Anything else, Dicky?"

"They knew Adrian went off in his car, apparently, not long after eight. They've found that out from the garage where he keeps it. The garage proprietor didn't notice anything except that Adrian seemed in a bit of a hurry."

"That's the sort of thing they always think they noticed—afterwards. Was there anybody else who 'noticed' anything?"

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The ROSY WISH

"Not so bad?" Lynn queried hopefully, as Sandra studied the picture.

By ELISABETH PAYNE

SANDRA RIDGWAY contemplated with a puzzled frown the gift left by her just departed roomer.

It had been clever of Mrs. Erskine to place the bit of glazed pottery against that panel of grey sacking. The color effect was good—like old pink phlox against an ancient stone wall.

But, a pink vase . . . . especially in the unholy mess of this studio—

Sandra sent a disparaging but affectionate glance about the big room. No dearer place on earth! It occupied almost the entire area of an old house, with sea on one side and grassy slopes on the other.

At one end was a built-on extension containing two bedrooms and a bathroom. It had been that bathroom that had attracted the roomer.

It would have been a delightful place, that studio, with its great fireplace and all the little casement windows letting in the salty breeze, if there had been any semblance of order about it. Or if it had been clean . . . the way it had been when Sandra Ridgway and Vicky Meadows with pooled savings had bought the old house and refurnished it.

Vicky was a born housekeeper and while she had been there the place had never seemed in disorder. But Vicky had unfairly deserted. She had got married and the studio missed her.

Sandra missed her, too, though she was too absorbed in her painting to miss anything so acutely that it could completely spoil content. Sandra was too self-sufficient, declared Lynn Marshfield, who did oils and had a shack down on the beach. "San doesn't need anybody," Lynn had protested. "The lot of us might fade right off this island and she wouldn't even notice—so long as purple shadows on the cliffs and fog seeping in through the woods were still here." Sandra had smilingly agreed with him.

But that had been last summer. She wasn't so certain about the self-sufficiency now. Because Lynn had seemed to take her at her word. He wasn't continually dropping in now to borrow things, or to heckle her about her painting, or to smoke his pipe by her fire on rainy days.

She was a clever artist, was Sandra Ridgway, who had a flair for painting bits of the island that people yearned to carry away with them.

Mrs. Erskine had bought a picture. That bit of the cliffs with a blue glimpse of sea between two gnarled cedars. Fifty dollars. And fifty more for the room and a share of the adjoining bath for the month. But why had she left this ridiculous pink vase?

Equally absurd was the message written on a card and propped against the ornament. What sense was there in—

"Anybody home?" demanded a voice at the open door.

Lynn Marshfield. Carrying a wet canvas gingerly with thumb and finger. Both of them stood in respectful contemplation.

"Not so bad?" he suggested hopefully. "Think I caught that effect of sunlight on the cliff's shoulder this time."

"You certainly have! And the back of that wave, too. Lynn, it's corking!"

Lynn knew he wasn't as good as Sandra. He just pottered with paints and brushes in summer, camping joyously in his shack on the island.

He had expected to find her, he now remarked, sweeping up after the roomer.

"Yes?" retorted Sandra. Everybody knew how she avoided housework. "Come see what she left for me. You'll scream."

They stood close together, regarding the gift, Lynn squinted through half-closed eyes. "Rather lovely," he said.

"But the color, Lynn. Pink. Of all things—in this studio!"

"It doesn't seem to belong, that's a fact," he admitted. "Makes you think of fluttery chiffon and little high-heeled slippers. You'll have to dress up to it, San."

"Not me. No fal-lals like that around here. It isn't my style at all!"

"I dunno—" Lynn also regarded the vase with screwed-up eyes. "It might be. I can see you that way—"

"What way?"

"Well—lovely. Feminine—"

"Baloney," said Sandra.

Lynn picked up the bit of pasteboard propped against the vase. Below Mrs. Erskine's name was pencilled:

A ROSY WISH

"Now, what the dickens," demanded Sandra, "did she mean by that?"

Lynn Marshfield grinned. "I think I know."

"Well, out with it. Don't be so cryptic, Lynn Marshfield."

His eyes smiled. "No. 'Twouldn't be fair to Mrs. Erskine. She intended this to express an idea. I might spoil it by guessing wrong. Where are you painting this afternoon, San? I'll carry your things if you want to finish that bit of the ledges. Half-tide and a nice surf working up down there—"

Abruptly he bent forward, lifted the vase and blew violently on the stone shelf. "Seemed sort of a pity," he apologised, setting it back.

Instantly Sandra was furious. The furious to call out good-bye as Lynn sauntered through the doorway and up the slope. Everybody knew there was no dust on the island—that it took weeks for it to accumulate.

It took weeks—Sandra went close to the mantel. Very visible difference between the area upon which Lynn had blown and the rest of the shelf. Now that she came to think of it, she hadn't given the place a thorough dusting since—well, since opening the cottage in June!

Sandra was so indignant that she wouldn't go that afternoon to finish her surf picture. But that Langdon girl must have gone. She and Lynn were strolling up the road—and the girl was in no costume for the ledges. White silk sports frock, coral-red sweater and white kid pumps with tall heels. A silly fool of a girl—probably Lynn had had to help her over the rocks.

He came out of the post office and joined Sandra, who was walking away with her mail. "What are you planning to wear at the library benefit dance, San? Can't we team up?"

"Why not?" Sandra was incapable of harboring resentment. She chuckled. "I'm going as a hayseed. It'll be a riot."

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AUSTERITY . . . *the cheery way*

● *Make a dejected white ballibuntal sailor look like new by covering it with coarse black veiling which loops down the back. Banded in emerald - green grosgrain.*

● *Salvage that discarded white organdie evening blouse and make from it a frothy and super-glamorous three-tiered collar that miraculously changes a severe black business suit into an ensemble for festive occasions.*

● *An old black shantung dress will take a new lease of life if you deftly slot it with dusty-pink grosgrain ribbon that forms a yoke at the back and swoops down the front of the bodice to finish in a trim little bow at the waistline.*

By PEG McCARTNEY

THE austerity drive means that you have got to dress on a pretty strict budget, but it certainly doesn't mean that charm has to be rationed. You simply can't let spring slip by without making yourself look as pretty as a picture . . . it's an old custom, and it's a good one, too!

Three basic styles are really all you need to greet the coming season, but they must be carefully selected and made with minute care.

Splurge most of your allowance—and your coupons—on an impeccably tailored costume of heavy silk or linen in white, black or monotone shade. Then you will need a good frock for important occasions, but simply made so that you won't get bored with it. And finally an engagingly fresh little shirtwaist frock in crisp cotton or washing silk.

Now you've got your basic wardrobe, and it is up to you to exercise your wits, to evolve and scheme, and achieve some solutions for ringing in attractive changes.

Fine-comb your wardrobe for old clothes that can be renovated or made into fetching accessories.

Bright scraps of chintz left over from the curtains can be quilted and made into charming square bags, and if the gay colors are picked up by hat trimmings, belt and posy it relieves a dreary black dress from sobriety.

A new note for spring is the introduction of the wide-brimmed white hats in stitched white taffeta, lined under the brim with row upon row of narrow frilled black lace. Many of them are worn turned back off the face to show the lace lining.

You can work miracles with a backless evening gown if you are clever. Cut the bodice to pinafore shape and the skirt to the required length, then with the addition of a frothy little blouse you have a delectable little frock for party occasions.

Among the most obvious ways of brightening up any ancient frock is the addition of a new and unusual belt. Wide patchwork belts made from pieces from your scrapbox give a blithe and springlike note to the dullest frock, and hand-knitted scarves made from left-over skeins of wool knitted into bright stripes make an enchanting girdle for a diminutive waist.

Have lots of fresh and flattering collar and cuff sets that will miraculously change the appearance of your frocks and suits. They can be so simply made from discarded blouses or evening frocks.

For sheer charm try a deep broderie anglaise sailor collar, coming half-way down the back, edged with lace frilling and threaded, just above it, with narrow black velvet ribbon.

An intriguing new yoke collar consists of three strips of white pique shaped to fit round the plain neckline, each one slightly larger than the other, so that the third comes right out over the shoulders. They are attached to the frock by press studs, and leave a little space between them to give the impression of wide white stripes.

Once you begin your clothes economy campaign you'll find it's not only patriotic, but fun.

INSERTED IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE NATIONAL SAVING CAMPAIGN

by KAYSER

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Your body cleans out excess Acids and poisonous wastes in your blood through 9 million tiny delicate Kidney tubes or filters. If Poisons in the Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Interrupted Sleep, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Backache, Aching Joints or Acidity, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such Poisons and troubles with the doctor's prescription, Cystex. Cystex starts working in three hours, must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Ask your chemist or store for Cystex (Bisstex) to-day. The Guarantee protects you.

Cystex New in 2 sizes — 1/-, 8/-.

Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

GIVE YOUR COMPLEXION *A Veil of Loveliness*

As you pat on "Three Flowers," you see this lighter, smoother, finer-textured face powder merging into your own complexion, concealing tiny blemishes, giving the radiant charm of youth . . . At Chemists and Stores everywhere in five shades to suit all types.

Perfect your make-up with smooth-textured "Three Flowers" Face Creams.

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FACE POWDER AND CREAMS

RICHARD HUDNUT: LONDON, NEW YORK, SYDNEY

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STRAPHANGERS . . . *in cool dewy-fresh cottons*

A TRIO of crisp little tubbables to put you in that summer - is - nearly - here mood. They are so pretty and as cool as a sea breeze, and you can wear them right through the season ahead with charm and poise.

• Bright green cotton scattered with white sprays is highlighted with scallops bound in white pique and two patch pockets set aslant. The halo hat and gloves are in white pique with bands of green and purple.

• Demurely flattering frock in blue-and-white checked gingham made with long-torso bodice and shaped yoke. With it a very Victorian boater in red-and-white linen to match the capacious red linen handbag.

• Frankly feminine little frock interpreted in London-tan cotton spotted in white, with a prim white collar to match the accessories. The yoke is margined with a frill which is repeated at the lowered waistline.

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MIRACLE OF NURSING: *How devoted team of Sisters saved the "Burns Boys"*

SISTER OLIVE BEDDOE, of Mayfield, Newcastle, Sister Jane Irvine, and Sister Peg Cunningham in the "Burns Boys" bath. They helped to nurse the boys.

DARKY HUDSON, M.M., out in his wheel-chair with Sister Bell, with whom he has exchanged hats, and Orderly Stuber.

Whole hospital watched grim fight for lives of Darwin raid heroes

By MERTON WOODS

Our special representative at an advanced operational base.

Three young soldiers—nicknamed the "Burns Boys"—are recovering in a Victorian military hospital from frightful burns received when Japanese bombers set fire to oil near their gun position at Darwin.

They owe their recovery from the ordeal that earned them that nickname to the work of a team of wonderful nurses and the doctors and padre at a hospital in this area.

HOW they saved the "Burns Boys" without proper equipment or facilities is an epic in the annals of Australian army nursing.

The girls who played the principal part in tending these boys were Sister Peg Cunningham, of Roseville, N.S.W.; Sister Doris Bell, of Strathfield, N.S.W.; Sister Jane Irvine, of Adelaide; Sister Olive Beddoe, of Newcastle; Sister Elsie Williams, of Cessnock, N.S.W.; and Sister Mona Henry, of Tully, Queensland.

Padre who helped them was Rev. E. Kenneth Leslie, formerly of Melbourne.

One of the "Burns Boys" is Gunner Wilbert Hudson, of Merrylands, N.S.W., who won the Military Medal for gallantry at Darwin on February 19.

Up here we don't call him Wilbert or Hudson.

He's just Darky — one of the "Burns Boys"—a title that's destined to stick to him and the other two, Ron Crake, 18, of Fremantle, W.A., and Jack Ryder, 21, of Manly, N.S.W., although they will carry no scars because of the skilful nursing they received.

Hudson, Crake and Ryder were first saved from a frightful death by Lieut. Donald Brown, of Mosman, N.S.W.

They were cut off by a sheet of flame. Lieut. Brown dragged them out before the fire reached them, but they were badly burned by the intense heat.

The blaze destroyed all their clothes and belongings, and Crake lost £50 in cash.

Sister Cunningham, who was with the Sydney Board of Health before becoming an Army nurse, told me most of the story. "They handed the 'Burns Boys' over to me a few hours after they'd been injured," she told me.

"After a couple of days we handed them over to the almost exclusive care of Sister Bell.

"I'll never forget my first sight of them. They'd been covered with triple dye and were black from head to foot. They were all badly burned and shocked.

PADRE E. KENNETH LESLIE, who helped the nurses bring the "Burns Boys" back to health.

"We immediately began treating them with pooled human serum given similarly to blood transfusion. We gave six little bottles to one boy and it takes a lot of blood transfusions to make up a bottle of this stuff. Because of their burns some of their veins had collapsed, and at the start we had trouble in making serum transfusions.

"For the first two days they just lay in bed receiving these transfusions almost continuously. They didn't want food, and we had to force as many fluids on them as we could.

"We did not bath them during these first days. Then we carried a 16-gallon tin bath into the 15-bed tent ward where they were and lifted them into it one after another.

"First we swabbed the bath out with lysol, then filled it with one per cent. solution of saline, cut off their bandages, and lowered them into the bath, black dressings and all.

"The pain would have been unbearable had we tried to remove the dressings first. It was much better to let them soak off in the saline.

"Their burns were so bad that if they did not do exercises there was grave danger of their muscles becoming seriously contracted.

SISTER PEG CUNNINGHAM, of Roseville, N.S.W., into whose charge the "Burns Boys" were placed.

"We compelled them to do exercises in the bath. At first they cried so much at the pain that some of the other patients in the ward were upset.

"But we made them do exercises.

"We stood over them and bullied them. It wasn't any fun for us, for they were only kids, and our hearts were full of sympathy for them. It was my worst experience of being cruel to be kind.

"Most of this work fell to Sister Bell. It took a lot of nerve and plenty of guts for her to do it.

"We made them waggle and stretch their burnt fingers, made them lift their burnt legs and try to touch their ears with their toes and their buttocks with their heels.

"Now they are better, and they're glad we made them do it.

"Each boy stayed in the bath each day from thirty minutes to an hour.

"Then we lifted him on to a sterile sheet on the bed for his burns to be dressed.

"At that time our hospital was besieged by hordes of flies, and we then didn't have a fly-proof dressing-room (we have one now).

"Orderlies and other patients had to fan the 'Burns Boys' with Red Cross bamboo fans and newspaper to keep the flies away while their burns were being dressed.

"First we lightly powdered them with sulphanilamide, and then dressed their wounds with pieces of old mosquito net we'd cut up ourselves, sterilised and soaked in vaseline.

"We even melted the vaseline down ourselves. It's a secret where we got it!

"Once the dressings were over we tucked in the boys' mosquito nets. It was hot under them, but at least they kept flies off.

"During the first few days they were sick and unhappy, but Hudson was a corker kid. He never lost his nerve once, never got really downhearted for a moment.

"After a few days he wanted to get up, but it was a few weeks before he could do that.

"When he did he made straight for the cookhouse in a wheel-chair and came back with a bag of oranges, tossing them to his mates and the other patients in the ward. Then he went back and returned with a plate of hot scones.

More exercises

"AS they began to get better they started to hate having to do their exercises, but Hudson urged them all on. They obeyed as though his word was law.

"Because of their burns they had to be fed an extra protein diet of eggs and meat.

"At first we had simply to force food down their throats.

"Padre Leslie was wonderful. He helped us hand-feed them, and wrote their letters home. He sat for hours helping them smoke cigarettes until they could handle them themselves.

"Then came the lovely day when they were all able to get up into wheel-chairs. For us at the hospital it was a day of 'Burns Boys' on parade. Shielding them with umbrellas we wheeled them out and took their photos.

"That night, Darky Hudson acted as self-appointed warden for Padre Leslie's church parade, in the ward. Just as the padre was about to start he cried out: 'Hold your horses, Padre,' and wheeled himself off in his chair, dodging under the guy ropes of the ward tent, rounded up a couple of dozen other patients, and when he got them back to the tent cried cheerfully, 'Carry on now, Padre.'

"After the service he sat at the ward entrance, shook hands with everyone as they left, and said: 'Pleased to see you here. Hope you'll be here for our service next week.' He did everything except pass round the plate.

"When he got better, Darky used to roam all over the hospital in his wheel-chair.

"Once he set off to see a pal in another ward and the wheels of his chair kept getting stuck in the thick dust. He had to get about a dozen people to help him get there, and had to be pushed all the way home.

"But the biggest thrill of all was Jack Ryder's 21st birthday. We gave him a party in the ward, and got 12 eggs for his birthday cake.

Continued on page 10

THE "BURNS BOYS" in hospital now in Victoria. From left: Jack Ryder (21) offering a cigarette to Gunner Darky Hudson (21) and Ron Crake (18).

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721145

Continuing . . . The Dark Square

from page 5

DICKY said ruefully: "Unfortunately there was. Adrian had a 'char' to 'do' for him. She had been out to a cafe yesterday evening and was walking back to where she lives, which is quite close by. From what I could make out she was on the other side of the Square and noticed Adrian and this girl talking together on the doorstep. She didn't think anything of it at the time, except that she didn't often see Adrian with any girl, apparently."

"What time was this?"

"Just about eight, or a few minutes earlier."

Baikie made a face.

"Looks pleasant, doesn't it?" was his comment. "I wonder if that lunatic has gone and got himself into a mess. If he has it looks like being an unholy awkward one. I should have thought he had more sense. Go on; what other bits of good news have you got to give me?"

"That's pretty well all. Except that a very unpleasant customer turned up in the middle of the proceedings. Rather like a tailor's dummy with a monocle——"

"—sandy hair?"

"That's the bird."

"Von Gerne. The little pet. I wonder what he wanted there. Adrian was out to put a pinch of salt on that gentleman's tail."

"Apparently he just called on Adrian in a friendly way, and was startled to find all the schemozzle there."

"H'm—and what had he to say?"

"He knew the girl. And unfortunately he had a yarn that she had been speaking to him only the day before and told him that she had an appointment with Adrian at eight o'clock—so it rather tallies with what the old char says she saw."

Baikie sat silent for a minute digesting all this somewhat disturbing information; then he suddenly let out one of his short sharp barks of laughter.

"It's coming to something when the people working for you start committing murders of their own," he declared. "You had better get back there at once, Dicky. Same gag, interested hanger-on poking about out of curiosity. And if you get into a jam don't forget that every Charneckian policeman, from the chief downwards, is bribable."

When Dicky got back to the Square of the Old Castle he found that the unfortunate girl's body had just been removed in a police ambulance; but this circumstance in no way diminished, indeed it seemed rather to increase, the local interest in the affair.

Then towards midday there was a sensation. A telegram for the chief arrived by a police messenger on a motor-bicycle. As soon as the message was read one of the dozen policemen hanging about was sent hot-foot to the garage. In a few minutes he was back again, followed by an excited garage proprietor, much enjoying the publicity and limelight.

Within a short space of time the latest tidings were running freely all round the crowd. "They've found the Englishman's car."

"The devil they have," thought Dicky without much enthusiasm; he also thought that it would be as well to get something like official confirmation of the news, so waiting until the garage proprietor had said (five or six times apparently) all that he had to say, and had at length been allowed to go back to his garage, Dicky followed him.

Dicky's clothes might look disreputable, but a brand new crisp bank-note always has a convincing air.

"Press," Dicky lied laconically. "I must have some sort of a story. Know anything?"

The note overcame a scrupulous hesitation.

"The police wanted to confirm the number of the Englishman's car, that was all."

"They have found the car then?"

"At a place called Troghen. Somewhere in the hills. I should never have thought him a murderer. One of my best customers . . ."

Dicky nodded and faded away.

. . . .

When Adrian's torch showed him the empty driving seat of the overturned car his first reaction was relief. "She isn't dead, then," he thought. He imagined that the girl must have been able to crawl out, shaken, but by some miracle not killed, and that he would find her somewhere nearby.

He made an examination of the ground immediately round the smashed car and found nothing.

Then facing this way and that in turn he called her name.

"Miss Gillespie . . . Marjorie Gillespie . . ."

His voice died away unanswered on the dark night, and all he could hear was the rising wind and the driving rain.

He didn't like that . . . Suppose she had managed to crawl for a couple of hundred yards and had then fainted? . . .

He began searching determinedly, crossing and recrossing his tracks, now striking out on ever wider circles from the car, now coming back close to it to cover ground he might have missed. For more than two hours he continued there, until he was soaked to the skin and his torch gave no more light than a dull red glow.

Then he had to confess himself beaten. He had shouted himself hoarse in the howling wind without getting a vestige of a response, and the fear that was hardening at the back of his mind was that Marjorie Gillespie had managed to crawl away from the wreckage badly hurt and was now lying somewhere in the open fields, quite possibly already dead.

Much as he hated admitting defeat and leaving the scene of the accident, he did not see how he could do any real good there until daylight came.

After a final despairing search and burst of calling, he splashed his way back towards the road and got into his own car soaking wet and tired out.

He drove back again towards the hump-backed bridge in a desperately unhappy frame of mind. The watchman by the bridge repairs was nodding over his fire, and Adrian did not think that any help would come from him.

The village beyond the bridge was by now practically all shut up for the night and Adrian's spirits were reaching zero when they were revived a little by the sight of a petrol pump outside a garage of sorts.

Not only was there a garage, but there was actually a garage proprietor in evidence, a morose individual with a badly misshapen club foot. Adrian found it difficult to manage the local dialect. Eventually, however, he did manage to make himself understood.

. . . an accident? More than three miles away? Go and see if he could help at this time of night and in this weather? The garage man looked out expressively at the now really shocking night, and even his unpleasant face allowed itself a sardonic smile. He didn't even bother to say "No." He merely shrugged his shoulders as one might in dismissing a complete idiocy.

"Animal Antics"

"I tell you it was self-defence!"

"Nor would you get anyone from the village to turn out on a night like this," he added, "even if there really had been an accident."

Adrian jerked his head in an angry nod, he was feeling beaten and tired out.

"Is there an hotel here?"

"No, no. No hotel here."

"Surely I can get a bed of some sort. There must be somewhere where I can get a few hours' sleep."

"Yes. You can sleep here, Herr Englishman. I let a room above the garage to motorists occasionally."

Adrian was relieved to hear it. He was rapidly coming to the conclusion that any bed at all would be better than none, and when he saw the room in question his spirits rose a little. If there was not a great deal of comfort in it, at any rate it was clean.

"I charge five milreps," the man said, standing in the doorway, "for the room and for coffee and rolls in the morning. Gentlemen usually pay me in advance."

Adrian followed the usual custom of gentlemen, and when the garage proprietor's greasy hands closed round the money his expression actually took on some sort of degree of affability.

Adrian pressed a further two milreps into a very ready palm.

"Look here," he said, "there's something a bit wrong with my car and I want you to have a go at it." He explained as best he could the annoying symptoms and what he thought to be the cause of them, and the man listened intelligently. Clearly when it came to cars and their complaints he was an easier person to deal with.

"And another thing," Adrian said. "I want to be called at six in the morning, sharp. I've got to get off early."

The man nodded as though he understood perfectly, and feeling that he could do no more that night Adrian started to take off his rain-sodden clothes, and within ten minutes was fast asleep.

When he awoke sunlight was streaming in through the window. Suspiciously bright sunlight, as he realised after the first few seconds of semi-consciousness. He flicked up the lid of his wrist-watch and let out a yell.

He jumped out of bed, washed hurriedly in the basin of cold water that stood in one corner, and drew on his still only semi-dry clothes.

"I'll murder that fool," he muttered as he ran downstairs.

The proprietor was just returning to the garage in an ancient car as he ran downstairs.

"Why didn't you call me at six?" Adrian demanded.

The man was quite unmoved. He pointed out that at half-past five farmer Otto Klauster had called at the garage and hired him to do the milk round of the village, since the car in which the farmer usually did it had at last completely broken down.

"It was not time to call you then, Herr Englishman," the man said, "and I am not back until now." He shrugged his shoulders.

Adrian took a deep breath and managed to contain himself. "What about my car?" he asked.

"I shall begin to do that now. You could not expect me to refuse Otto Klauster and him my biggest client."

"Breakfast?"

"Give me ten minutes, Herr Englishman, and your coffee and rolls will be ready."

They were ready, piping hot, and Adrian found that he was ravenous. The meal made him feel better, and even the fact that his car was not ready when he was did not unduly depress him.

"Mind you get it done in the next half-hour," he counselled the garage proprietor, and he set off at a brisk pace along the road. In some ways he was glad of the walk, for his damp clothes were making him feel cold again and he wanted exercise.

As he went over the bridge he noticed that the sleepy surly watchman had gone and that repairs, in the leisurely Turbanian fashion, were under way. He met nobody on the road except a band of hill gipsies with their two colorful waggons pulled by chestnut horses.

A rout of small dark children ran barefooted, and indeed almost naked, behind, and a young girl, lovely with a sort of untamed beauty, looked out over the bottom half of the door. The gipsy himself, a swarthy, thick-set fellow, was leading the first horse.

"Well met, friend," Adrian greeted him affably, then asked him if he knew anything about the accident and had seen anything of an English lady. The Romany smiled and shook his head; it was not, as Adrian realised, in answer to either query, but simply the blank smile of a man who didn't understand.

He pushed on, and when he reached the scene of the accident looked about expectantly.

Five minutes' search made it clear that Marjorie was not lying out in the open anywhere, and then he spied the cottage. It was just what he might expect to find there, a tumbled - down affair belonging evidently to a farm laborer or charcoal burner. It stood half-hidden behind trees some three hundred yards from the smashed car.

He made his way now towards it quickly and hopefully. He did not doubt that Marjorie Gillespie was lying there feeling very sorry for herself. But when he reached the place and saw it near to, some of his hopeful assurance began to evaporate.

The door was half off its hinges, most of the windows were broken, the chimney was mournfully smokeless, and altogether it gave singularly little evidence of being inhabited. Three minutes inside were quite sufficient to convince him that it was not inhabited, and had not been for these many weeks.

He made his way back to the garage in a much less cheerful frame of mind. The garage proprietor had evidently finished attending to the car and was standing by it talking to a figure in the uniform of the Turbanian police.

Both men looked up quickly as Adrian came in.

"You have finished my car?" he asked. "Is it all right?"

"Yes, Herr Englishman."

"You are the owner of this car?" the policeman asked.

Adrian replied with warmth that he was.

"There has been an accident about three miles back——" he began, and gave a brief account of what had happened as far as he knew it.

The policeman listened without interrupting and nodded. Adrian's statement was a model of cautiousness. It contained the essential relevant facts, but it gave nothing away unnecessarily.

At the end the policeman made no comment on it. Instead, he asked:

"You could give me your name, Herr Englishman?"

"Mawley. Adrian Mawley."

At the words he could have sworn that a look flickered between the two other men, but why this should be so and what the significance of it might be he could not guess.

"You live in Charneck?"

"Yes, yes. I've told you that I do. I lecture at Feathers'—Miss Featherstonhaugh's Academy."

"I see. I think if you could come to the station at Troghen and give me all the particulars that I might be able to help you."

Adrian groaned. Officialdom the world over did not vary much, he reflected, but if giving a repetition of all that he had already said was going to help in finding Marjorie Gillespie he did not mind. He said so.

"I'll come anywhere and do anything if you can help me to find that girl. Is the car fixed?"

"Yes, Herr Englishman. It was what you thought, a choke in the carburettor. Perfectly clean, now. Three milreps."

Adrian handed over the money and jumped into the driving seat.

"If you get in," he said, "and tell me which way to go we won't lose any more time."

The policeman climbed into the rear seat and sat immediately behind Adrian.

"Turn to the right out of the garage, Herr Mawley," he said.

Adrian started off impatiently and the last thing he noticed about the garage was the half-sardonic, half-enigmatical smile on the face of the proprietor.

It did not take him long to reach Troghen, a typical hill town. The police station was in the square and here, under the always courteous direction of the policeman, Adrian stopped the car.

"If you would come inside and give me all the particulars again, Herr Mawley——"

Adrian sighed resignedly and jumping out made his way into the building closely followed by the official figure in green.

There was a small entrance hall and Adrian hesitated there, undecided which way to go.

"If you would step into this room, Herr Mawley," the policeman suggested, opening a door on the left.

Adrian walked briskly forward. He heard the door close behind him with a suspicious click and swung round. The policeman had not followed him into the room.

"What the devil—" he exclaimed and took three quick steps to the door. It was locked. In the middle of one of the upper panels was a small square grating. The woodwork behind this was now pushed to one side and through the barred opening the policeman peered in. His face wore a smile of pure triumph.

"You are under arrest, Herr Mawley," he announced, "for the murder you committed in Charneck. I shall keep you here until I get orders what to do with you." He slid the wooden panel back into position.

Adrian stared at the now blank door in utter bewilderment.

"Has the whole confounded place gone mad?" he demanded angrily.

To be continued

SISTER DORIS BELL, of Strathfield, N.S.W., who did much of the nursing of the "Burns Boys."

Miracle of nursing

Continued from page 9

"THE cake wasn't a success, but Corporal Glen Stuber, of South Perth, a hospital orderly, came to the rescue by producing a cake his mother had sent for his birthday.

"Then Padre Leslie produced 21 candles. They were hand-made Manila candles of a lovely salmon-pink color, each about two feet long.

"They had been consigned from Manila on a U.S. boat to the Bishop of Guam Island, but somehow or other months ago were unloaded here, finishing up in the Q.M. store. Padre Leslie cut the candles into two-inch lengths and stuck them all over the cake.

"Darky Hudson just made the party, as at the time it was due to start he was in the operating theatre having one of his skin grafts. He was wheeled straight from the theatre to the party and ate as much cake as anyone!

"First we made Jack Ryder blow out all the candles. It was a bit of an effort for him, but he managed in three puffs.

"Next big thrill for the 'Burns Boys' was when the General Officer Commanding the Northern Territory Force visited them. They looked bashful when he told them he was proud of them.

"Then came the great day, and rather sad day, for all of us, the day the 'Burns Boys' left.

"They rode out to Melbourne one day at 11 a.m. on a big aerial transport. We didn't know until nine-thirty the night before that the plane would take them.

"First they were due to leave at 8 a.m. We had to bathe and dress them for travelling, and started this at 6 a.m. We didn't tell the boys about the trip until we were certain they were going.

"What a day! Before we finally got rid of them the whole ward was in an uproar. Orderly John Rorke, of Aberdare, N.S.W., went down with them.

"It was the 'Burns Boys'' first ride in an aeroplane. They had a good trip, but they didn't like the cold drizzling weather waiting for them in Melbourne.

"The 'Burns Boys' were recovered enough to start writing their own letters by the time they left us. Since they've been gone I've had three letters from them. The writing is a bit trembly, but at least it's their own.

"Darky told me in his: 'Every time I bathe in the lovely marble and tiled bath I think of those happy days in the tin bath and tent ward up there.'"

Sister Doris Bell told me: "I'm glad I had the luck to treat the 'Burns Boys.' It was a man's job, for it took all of every morning to bath and dress them, but it was an experience I would have hated to miss.

"Sometimes we had to be rough on those poor kids, but gee, they had guts. One of Ron Crake's ears needed cleaning regularly.

"It was painful treatment, but he never whimpered.

"Once when I was ready to start I said, 'Hang on, old fellow, here I come.'

"Padre Leslie walked in and Ron said, 'Hold on a minute, Sis, until the Padre comes in and holds my hand.'

"He did, too."

See pictures, page 15

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721146

"Ali Baba" Morshead's "20,000 thieves" . . . .

MOBILE CANTEENS are now supplying the front-line troops in Egypt with extras. Here a pay sergeant who has arrived by jeep is paying out money for spending at the canteen to two cavalry men.

A.I.F. TRANSPORT drivers now in Egypt. Left to right: W. Willmore, L. Taafe, Frank Lipsett, Alan Cafe, Corporal Chuck. Kneeling in front: Laurie Neary.

A.I.F. tells the folks at home how they held Rommel

FIRST letters home from the A.I.F. boys themselves on how they stopped the German advance in Egypt have reached Australia this week.

Here are some of the letters from the troops whom a German broadcaster called "Ali Baba Morshead and his twenty thousand thieves."

"WE have stopped Jerry's rush for the time being, and methinks he is due for a bigger shock soon," writes Driver John Wylie to his sister Isa. "Things were really nasty for days, and fighting was really fierce and hard.

"Lots say none of the Tobruk sorties was a patch on the latest goings-on, and it's correct. New weapons and ideas were thrown in by both sides and proved effective.

"Our lads are wonderful and as game as you can make them. They went in regardless of anything, and even we were copping it hot some 3000 yards behind.

"Now that things have settled down somewhat we are all O.K., and tucker is normal. Mobile canteens are now in abundance, and there is plenty of tinned fruit."

Did we cop it?

"WE had only been here about two hours when we shot down our first plane, and since then we have had a fair amount of success," Gunner MacDonald writes to his mother.

"After a couple of days we were commissioned as ack-ack protection to an infantry attack, and, oh, boy, did we cop it.

"They shot everything at us bar the kitchen sink, and, honest, Mum, I wore the skin off my tummy flopping down on it.

"It was not a very good welcome to front-line action. We were stranded there, and could not get out.

"There was every kind of shell, bullet, and other kill-me-dead known thrown at us, and all the time I was thinking the next one had my name on it.

"But I think God must have heard my prayers, and I am still here. But there were many of our cobbers who did not have breakfast with us that morning.

"We only had a matter of two miles to get out. It took about four hours to complete the journey.

"We crawled beside the truck, lay in little ditches, and clawed holes in the sand with our hands, and, although we were dive-bombed by Stukas and bombed from high level, we eventually got out."

Sister Joyce Le Varing describes convoys moving up to the battle-front to her sister, Mrs. J. S. Price.

"We didn't think the Aussies would go into action again in the desert, and we are very glad to be here to nurse the wounded.

"They were all so thrilled when they learnt they were going up to have a crack at the Hun again.

"The Australian soldier does hate sitting around doing nothing while there is a fight on somewhere.

"They were like a lot of school kids going on a picnic. We could see the convoys—they passed right by the hospital and the boys would wave and shout. One would never think they were going to fight. It gave me a big lump in my throat.

"Of course the Aussies all consider Tobruk as their personal property.

"It was this crowd that held it during the siege and they vow they are going to get it back again."

A vivid and moving account of the counter-attack on the Hill of Jesus is given by Bombardier Armstrong.

"After days and nights of shelling and attacks I was sent to an outpost, where I remained for about five days, still feeling quite sick from a shell burst earlier.

"For the whole of the five days Jerry never let up, sometimes the shells were 100 yards away and at others only a matter of feet, to say nothing of bombing and machine-gunning. But the mortars were the worst.

"They are in the trench before you know it, as they make no sound coming through the air.

"We suffered quite a few casualties through them. Each afternoon we were attacked from a different angle, the shells coming from three ways at once, but each day of the first four we repulsed the attacks. On the fourth day our gun was hit and put out of action. I sent back for another, but they couldn't get it through to us.

"On the fourth day we had a grandstand view of the Jerry attack on the Hill of Jesus, and you could not help but admire the waves of picked Jerry troops as they tried to get through the heavy artillery barrage, and as one wave was wiped out another seemed to be there to take its place.

"What a callous disregard Jerry has for life. As you have read, the Jerry took portion of the hill, but our lads counter-attacked and chopped them to ribbons, recapturing the ground, and more.

"The fifth day the fighting was extremely fierce. We could see the Jerrys getting into position, snipers were everywhere, some were very close in tanks—just out of range—and about 100 lorry loads of armored infantry.

"Our gun had been fixed up, and about 8 p.m. we noticed a German crew hauling an anti-tank gun into position which had been annoying us each day, and the one, we thought, that had put our gun out of action, about 800 yards out.

"We let them get nicely settled behind it, but before they could fire we blew it up.

"A couple of hours before sunset the Jerrys set on us in earnest, and tanks broke through the sector our gun controlled.

"The remaining guns could have coped with a normal heavy attack, but when 50 tanks attack at once it's a big problem.

"They knocked one gun after another out of action, but lost 20 tanks in the effort. The tanks just encircled us and pasted us with everything they had. Machine-guns, shells, and their artillery kept up a steady stream of missiles.

"It's a very uncomfortable feeling when there are three tanks within 30 yards of you, plastering you every time you put your head up, and yet you must put your head up to fire and keep the infantry back.

"I never expected to leave the hill alive, for there were 4000 Jerrys waiting to get at us with the bayonet.

"I watched the sunset, and beautiful it was, setting blood-red, and I prayed for the merciful darkness for I knew some of us might be lucky enough to fight our way out.

"I have never seen such a pretty display of fireworks before in all my life. Have you ever seen a large spider-web in the early morning with the dew on it, and noticed how pretty the many colors are, sparkling in the sun?

"Well, that is how this little hill looked with the many different colored tracer bullets from the many machine-guns as they plastered us.

"During a few moments' lull a German officer yelled out, 'We'll give you volunteer you Aussie so-and-so,' and the compliments we sent back weren't very nice, but suited the occasion. We knew then that they wouldn't take any prisoners, so we quietened them with a heavy volley of rifle and machine-gun fire.

"Then there was an interval of about half a minute, and no shot was fired except one from our gun at a German screaming orders and trying to get some men to accept our invitation to 'come and get us.'

"Well, it was on again, and we received the order to fix bayonets.

"The old artillery cleared a track, and I was among the ones to escape through Jerry territory, minefields, and booby-traps, continually dodging patrols, and finally came through the enemy lines and reached the safety of our own lines.

Silent audience

"I SHALL never forget the lads as we came exhausted into our front line. How they took each of us and gave us a lovely hot meal, tinned fruit, and cigarettes—the first decent feed for days. I was very tired.

"Our unit trucks came and collected us, and there was quite a silent audience back there as they helped us out of the trucks.

"They looked for those who were missing, and someone would just say, 'Where's so-and-so?' and you would just say 'killed,' or whatever was the case known to you.

"Our truck-drivers were marvellous. They were so pleased to have some of us back. They couldn't do enough for us, rolling us up in their blankets and watching over us the remainder of the night, and for days until we protested.

"The comradeship of men in arms is something very great, which must be experienced before you know the fullness of it, for it is bought with a price, and the price is not gold.

"It all makes one very proud to be an Australian, and proud to know you have put your shoulder to the wheel for such a fair land as ours.

"The day after our safe return, while resting, about forty Stukas thought we hadn't had enough, and made us their target, a 1000lb. bomb landing about 15 yards from me.

"I thought something had hit me. My senses were reeling, and when I made an effort to rise I fell down.

"I discovered I was not hurt, so went to help those who were buried.

"It was then I found a chap, who had become my pal, dead.

"I was very upset, and sick at the sight. He had been so much a big boy with plenty of courage—too much, in fact."

Lance-Corporal H. Williams tells his wife how he escaped death when his truckload of ammunition hit a landmine, lost his way, and found himself near the enemy lines, but reached his own lines safely.

"I had been sent back a few miles to get a load of special ammunition.

"Half-way home I handed over the wheel to my offsider, as we were both badly in need of sleep.

"Next thing I knew Bert woke me up to take over the wheel again, and asked me what the drums were across the road.

"I said, 'Maybe Jerry dropped a few sticks here this afternoon and the drums are to show us where to go.'

"It was then about 11 p.m., and visibility was very poor. I backed the truck, then went forward round the drums.

"The next thing I knew, the whole of the heavens and Dante's Inferno had opened. I had run over a landmine in the road.

"I got out to inspect the damage. Bert was O.K., and, except for a slight deafness in my right ear, which I still have, there was no other personal damage. The truck had suffered the most.

"In the distance, on the skyline, we could see someone walking. He turned out to be a South African sapper.

"He collected some of his men, and between the lot of us we removed the mines I had missed with the truck.

"I looked up the officer in charge of the S.A. sappers, borrowed a truck and ten men, loaded from mine to the new truck, got the sappers to lift the rest of the mines, and drove on, leaving Bert in charge of the remains of our truck.

THE A.I.F. has dug in again in the desert. Several soldiers relax under cramped conditions in a front-line dugout in the sand.

In No Man's Land

"EVERYTHING after that seemed very strange. Burnt-out tanks and burnt-out trucks littered the road.

"I had travelled about five miles when I saw a man with a rifle, and some more, seven in all, so I stopped the truck to find out where I was.

"The answer I got was not very encouraging. It was in Italian, and I had run into an Iti patrol in no man's land.

"I fully expected to be taken prisoner.

"Having left my Tommy-gun with Bert, I was without a weapon.

"But I turned on a smile for them and said something, I don't know what.

"I tried what little Italian, German, and Arabic I knew, but we could not understand one another. All this time their rifles were still over their shoulders, carried by the sling.

"My face was becoming sore from smiling, and I decided to do something.

"I quietly put the truck in gear, then roared the engine and let out the clutch at the same time, swinging the truck round off the road, then back on the road again, and headed for our lines.

"Not a shot was fired after me, so they evidently didn't want me.

"But I still say I am the only man here who has ever taken a truck load of ammo. over to Jerry and brought it back again."

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Editorial

OCTOBER 10, 1942

HELP FOR OUR STUDENTS

THE Prime Minister's suggestion that financial aid should be given to University students came as a ray of hope to the thousands of parents who have been wondering how their wartime economy could be stretched to give their boys or girls of promise a University education.

Australia needs trained brains for the great task of post-war reconstruction.

It needs keen, young, hopeful brains that have not been daunted by the tragedies of the war years.

While the nation fights and works for victory, it must also be training the engineers, scientists, doctors, chemists, architects who will be capable of rebuilding on the war ruins a world fit for free men.

In many workers' homes there are young people who can become members of this all-important vanguard of reconstruction.

Their parents' pockets might not be deep enough to meet the demands that fees, text-books, living expenses of a student always make.

If no Government help is forthcoming, these promising young people will be forced into jobs far beneath their capabilities, and the finer work they might do would thus be lost to the nation.

Democracy has for its ideal the giving of equal opportunities to all. What a waste it would be to force these young people of brilliant brains and little means into dead-end jobs!

—THE EDITOR.

Everyone wants to help our hostel

Many generous offers from our readers

Hundreds of letters of congratulation and offers of help have poured in to The Australian Women's Weekly since our announcement that this paper will soon open a hostel for servicewomen.

The hostel, which will be equipped and maintained by The Australian Women's Weekly, will occupy three floors of David Jones' George Street store, and will provide accommodation, meals, laundry, hairdressing, and library service for women of the services.

LADY WAKEHURST, who is president of the New South Wales Committee of the National Shilling Drive to provide hostels and comforts for servicewomen, inspected the plans of our hostel this week.

She thought these showed that the practical needs of the girls had been wonderfully well thought out, and the hostel would be a delightful one, and of great value to the girls in the services.

Our mailbag in the past two weeks has shown how greatly appreciated is our gift of a hostel.

It almost seems as though every family of our readers wants to be represented among the four hundred voluntary helpers who will be needed.

Most heartfelt expressions of gratitude have come from mothers of girls in the services.

Grateful mothers

A LETTER from Mrs. D. Northcott, of 138 Military Road, Dover Heights, is typical of them all.

"Congratulations and appreciation of establishment of a hostel for the women in the services," Mrs. Northcott writes.

"My daughter (my only child) is in the Women's Army Signals Corps. Fortunately she has been able to come home when on leave, but my sympathies are with the lassies who are away from home, and your paper's hostel will be, I am sure, a godsend to these girlies.

"I would like to be able to assist at the hostel when it is established and offer you my services for one or two days each week."

Another mother, Mrs. Winifred Senior, of 2 Park St., Clovelly, wrote: "I, as a mother of an Awas, feel most grateful to your paper for the announcement of a hostel for the servicewomen.

"It will certainly meet a tremendous need. It must be very worrying to mothers in other States to think the girls have no place to go.

"I would like to offer my services in a voluntary capacity as a pianist, dance or otherwise, or cashier."

Business girls are queueing up to help with the work of the hostel.

"I am almost eighteen and work in an office in the city, but would be free almost any night," wrote Enid Moore, of 103 Woniora Rd., Hurstville. "My sister is in the W.A.A.A.F., and my brother in the R.A.A.F., so I would like to help in some way."

"I am working during the day, but could give some time in the evening," wrote Miss Olga May, of 80 Bland St., Ashfield.

"I would like to offer my services as canteen attendant, cashier, or waitress," wrote Miss I. Davies, of 22 Gladstone St., Bexley. "As I work during the day it would have to be a night shift, but any night will suit me."

Housewives are no less eager.

"After reading of the wonderful effort for the servicewomen in this week's issue, I would like to offer my services for a day a week," wrote Mrs. Margaret Graham, of 49 Fricourt Ave., Earlwood.

"I am in the Earlwood W.V.S., and do camouflage netting and, of course, attend to my home, but I am free at the week-ends."

A number of soldiers wrote enthusiastically.

"You're doing a great thing," wrote one who signed himself "A Tobruk Rat." "We blokes are pretty proud of the way Aussie girls are getting into uniform and doing some tough jobs for the services.

"We know what canteens and hostels mean to us on leave in a strange city, and we're glad the girls are to have some, too."

These are but a few of the many letters, and The Australian Women's Weekly is deeply grateful to all those who have written.

All the writers will hear from us just as soon as our preparations are sufficiently advanced to enable us to take up their generous offers.

LADY WAKEHURST inspecting the plans of The Australian Women's Weekly hostel for servicewomen, to be opened in December at David Jones' George Street store.

£1000 serial contest closes with record entries

THE Australian Women's Weekly £1000 serial contest, part of our £2000 fiction quest, closed on September 30 with record entries.

The judges are already at work and the result will be announced as soon as their marathon task is completed.

The author of the prizewinning story will be awarded £1000 by The Australian Women's Weekly and the story will run as a serial in this paper.

Other stories recommended by the judges will also be purchased and published later.

We have received MSS. from battle stations, with improvised covers, and in one instance bound with fencing wire.

At the other extreme is an entry with blue linen covers and gold lettering.

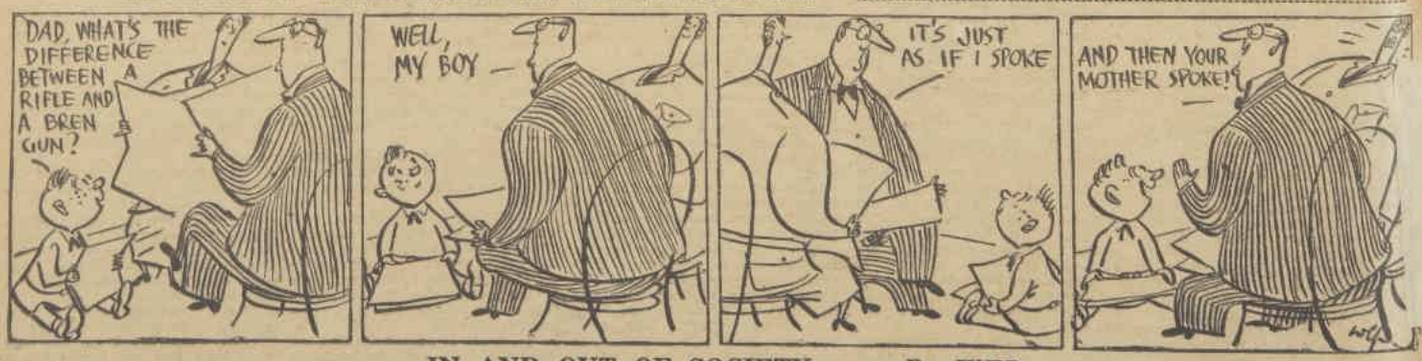
From all over Australia have come enthusiastic letters of appreciation of this £2000 fiction contest.

Writers of many of these letters submitted no entries, but appreciate the fact that this competition is a grand stimulus to Australian literature.

The interest of the fighting forces in the contest is shown by the fact that nurses, soldiers, sailors, and air force men have found time to put their own vivid bits of the war on paper.

We have received entries from every part of Australia—our files are crammed with letters from readers. Most of them carry this message in one form or another:

It's a fine idea — and may the best man or woman win!



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By WEP*

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

THE planet Neptune has just moved from the zodiacal sign Virgo, where it has been for 14 years, into that of Libra. This change is important, especially as Saturn and Uranus harmonise also. In fact, no fewer than seven of the ten important planets are now harmonizing in Gemini or Libra.

As a result, Librans, Geminians, and Aquarians, and many Leonians and Sagittarians, should benefit by their unusual inspirational and progressive ideas.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Be cautious. Losses, upsets, and difficulties can predominate now. Avoid rashness, unwise speech and writings, deception, and domestic worry, especially on October 9, 10, and 11.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): October 8 (midday and evening hours) can prove mildly helpful, but keep to unambitious plans just now.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Get busy and put wise, ambitious plans into action. Three days this week should prove very helpful. October 8 (midday) good; October 9 (from 3 p.m.) excellent; October 10 (from dawn to 8.30 a.m. and around sunset) good; balance of day fair except around noon; October 11 (from 8 to 11 a.m.) good.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Be cautious. Obstacles, worry, and delays can afflict your affairs now, especially on October 9, 10, and 11. Avoid changes, arguments, new ventures, and important decisions. Things improve soon, so plan ahead.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Possibilities of desirable conditions and opportunities this week, so seek them diligently. Utilise October 6 (midday hours), October 9 (after 3 p.m.), October 10 (before 9 a.m. and around sunset), October 11 (forenoon), and October 8 (early afternoon).

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Affairs started wisely during recent weeks may come to fruition now. October 6 (midday hours), October 8 (early afternoon and after 8 p.m.), October 9 (after 3 p.m.), October 10 (early morning or around sunset), and October 11 (forenoon and around sunset) all quite helpful.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Be sure to utilise October 6 (midday and late evening hours) and October 9 (especially after 3 p.m.). These are excellent. October 10 (to 9 a.m. and late afternoon), October 11 (forenoon and sunset), and October 8 (soon after midday and late evening) fair. Start new ventures and seek promotion.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Good times soon, so plan ahead. Meanwhile, October 8 (early afternoon and late evening), October 9 (after 3 p.m.), October 10 (early morning and sunset hours), October 11 (forenoon and sunset), and October 12 (sunrise and afternoon) all fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): October 6 (midday hours) and October 9 (after 3 p.m.) very helpful. October 10 (before 9 a.m. and around sunset) and October 11 (forenoon and sunset) moderately good, too. Work hard.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Beware pitfalls. Difficulties can prevail now, especially on October 7 (forenoon), October 8 (very early), October 10 (especially around midday), and October 11 (very early). October 13 (evening) good. Avoid changes, new ventures, aggression, and discord now.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Plan well and work hard. Success can crown many efforts now. October 9 (to 3 p.m.) good, then excellent to midnight. October 10 (to 9 a.m.) good, then poor around noon and good to 6 p.m. October 11 (early forenoon) good. Seek promotion.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Good times soon, so plan ahead. Meanwhile, October 11 (around dusk) and October 13 (around sunrise and sunset) slightly helpful.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is convinced he has destroyed

THE OCTOPUS: Head of an international spy ring, by shooting down an explosive-laden plane which was to have been used to destroy a big naval shipyard. He is returning from a party with

PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cockaigne, when, by using his hypnotic power, he saves

DR. GRIFF: A famous inventor, from two thugs. Next day he is phoned for by

MR. FOOTE: Of the War Department, and, after displaying his magical talents, is asked to help the doctor, who is experimenting on an invention to destroy planes in the air and on the ground by means of electric energy.

NOW READ ON:

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BABY SON. Mrs. David Wells with five-months-old John David, who has not yet met his father, Lieutenant David Wells, R.A.N. Mrs. Wells, formerly Moira Pope, lives with her mother, Mrs. C. J. Pope, at Darling Point, while her husband is on active service.

CONGRATULATIONS. Mr. Wilfrid Johnson, chairman of the N.S.W. Division of the Red Cross Society, congratulates Mrs. A. Du Boise on her election to council of Red Cross.

Heard Around TOWN

OPAL and diamond engagement ring being worn by Corporal Betty Clay, of the W.A.A.A.F., was bought by fiance Lieut. Oswald B. Irvin in Ceylon.

As Lieut. Irvin, back from Middle East, is on active service again his mother, Mrs. M. Irvin, of Bondi, placed ring on Betty's finger at latter's 21st birthday party. Betty is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Clay, Dover Heights, Sydney.

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MRS. JOCK COWDERY, formerly Peg Capp, has flat in Macleay Street now that her husband, Captain Cowdery, has returned to camp. Captain Cowdery received news of promotion just before the wedding at St. James' Church, King Street, last week.

Wedding took place after only ten days' engagement, and bride wore borrowed frock.

Mrs. Cowdery, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Capp, used to live at Quirindi, and now at Drummoyne, will probably return to her munitions job.

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NEW address . . . Women's Auxiliary A.I.F. Engineers and Technical Units Welfare Committee has moved its headquarters to No. 36 Grosvenor Street, City.

MRS. HUBERT FAIRFAX plans special austerity menu for luncheon after noon official opening of C.W.A. Market Day this Saturday at her home, Elaine, New South Head Road, Double Bay.

Dishes include home-made sausage and ice-cream cake with caramel sauce. All recipes are economical, and guests may obtain them.

Market Day will benefit Service-women's Club at Bayswater Road, Darlinghurst.

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TO suit child ticket buyers, plans have been changed for doll's house guessing competition being run by Red Cross Special Appeals Auxiliary. Originally idea was to guess name of house belonging to world-famous personality.

"Most children knew only Buckingham Palace," said organisers.

So now the street number of house has to be guessed.

Doll's house is on show from this Tuesday in window of Cowell's, 403 George Street.

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BACK from Melbourne and house-hunting are Mrs. Edward Higgins and her two young sons, John and Colin. Husband, Captain Ed. Higgins, of U.S. Army, recently transferred from southern capital, so family plan to make their home in Sydney.

Mrs. Higgins is former Joy Kelly.

QUEEN COMPETITION. Jean Soutar (left), Marcia Rofe, Marjorie Harrison, and Rona Wilkinson, four of the eight candidates in Regimental Queen Competition. Candidates represent fighting service auxiliary Younger Sets.

WED IN MELBOURNE. Dr. Jim Conquest and bride Eileen Peppard, formerly of Melbourne, at reception following their wedding. Dr. and Mrs. Conquest will live at Balmoral, Sydney.

Jottings ON THE HOME FRONT

SHIPS, flags, and sailors are subjects for design of badges to be sold on Merchant Navy Day on October 16. Designers are Mr. A. M. Pooley and Mrs. G. Armstrong, who are organising the day.

One of most dashing is the 2/- badge, reproduction of the red ensign.

Reproduction of familiar merchant navy badge on cotton lapel flag to be sold for 10/- and £1.

£5000 already in hand.

"Working extremely hard for success of first appeal in Australia for merchant sailors," says Mrs. Armstrong.

"Everyone seems anxious to help, donations are coming in from country already. Lots of letters, too, applauding idea of day to aid sailors, mostly referred to as 'unsung heroes of war,'" she adds.

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MRS. REG FARRELL, former Grace Curlewis, waiting news of next leave for husband, Lieut. Farrell, before making plans for christening of their baby son, Michael.

JEAN ROFE and CAPTAIN JOHN R. TAYLOR, U.S. Army Air Corps, chose last week to announce engagement, as their leave coincided. Jean has rank of leading-telegraphist in W.R.A.N.S.

COLORFUL posters being painted by Alice Danciger to decorate walls of new club which has just been established for members of Fighting French Forces. Alice chooses sailors as motif for design.

Club is open every day, and Sub-Lieutenant Alison Urquhart, welfare officer, is planning programme of weekly dances and concerts. Is busy enlisting support of singers and musicians.

Is also forming committee of women who have volunteered to assist with work at club.

Those who have promised to help include Mesdames Louise Coleman, E. Little, S. Brudo, Marr Thompson, Alice Brenac, J. Playoust, Maurice Playoust, and J. Flipo.

• • •

FOUR hundred patchwork quilts and 250 pillows made since the end of May is record of City of Sydney Civilian Aid Service Auxiliary.

Quilts and pillows are made from scraps of material by voluntary workers in Lady Mayoress' rooms, now given over to this work, and sent out to the various Civilian Aid Rest Centres, which will serve as refuges for bombed-out civilians in case of air raids.

Chief needs of auxiliary are more sewing-machines and more scraps of material.

• • •

"JUST a 'Thank You Party'" was the way Lady Wakehurst described her late afternoon party for business girls from industrial, commerce, and retail organisations held at Government House last week. Girls have all helped raise funds for National Shilling Drive for Service-women.

Executive members of drive committee also present, and all greeted by the Governor (Lord Wakehurst) and Lady Wakehurst as they arrive.

Afternoon tea served on long verandah outside ballroom, where a band of helpers headed by Governor's daughter, Hon. Henrietta Loder, and Lady Wakehurst's secretary, Joan Holman, dispense afternoon tea to guests.

Many guests view lovely gardens and wander around grounds taking advantage of extra hour given by daylight saving.

FOR RED CROSS. Mrs. Pat Hardy (left) and Miss Enid Curtis at work in Red Cross Treasure Shop, organised by Mrs. Victor White, in Rowe Street. More than £500 is made in week.

IT'S the custom to read famous will of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, founder of Chinese Republic, at celebrations of the Republic's foundation. At reception this Saturday, marking thirty-second anniversary, Consul-General for China, Dr. M. L. Tuan, will read it.

Proceeds from sale of tickets are to be forwarded to Madame Chiang Kai-shek for relief of Chinese armies and civilians.

Reception to be given at Mark Foy's.

Ring MA1172 or XB3128 for tickets.

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LIEUT. AND MRS. RICHARD A. PEDLINGHAM are back from brief honeymoon at Lapstone. Mrs. Pedlingham, formerly Phyllis Le Bas, is younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Le Bas, of Gordon, formerly of Guernsey, Channel Islands. Bridegroom is eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Pedlingham, Roseville.

Wedding took place at St. John's, Gordon, where bride had her sister Ruth and bridegroom's sister Hazel as bridesmaids.

L.a.c John Temple - Smith was best man.

Betty

AUXILIARY. Mesdames F. Morris, R. Hurley, and R. Hurd, members of new auxiliary to Seamen's Union. Aim is to establish International Seamen's Club.

LUNCHEON. Gloria Moore Cosgrave lunches at Prince's with Mrs. Gordon Scott, W.A.A.A.F., stationed at Woolloomooloo recruiting depot. Latter's husband is Pilot-Officer Gordon Scott, R.A.A.F. Gloria is busy training to become a V.A.

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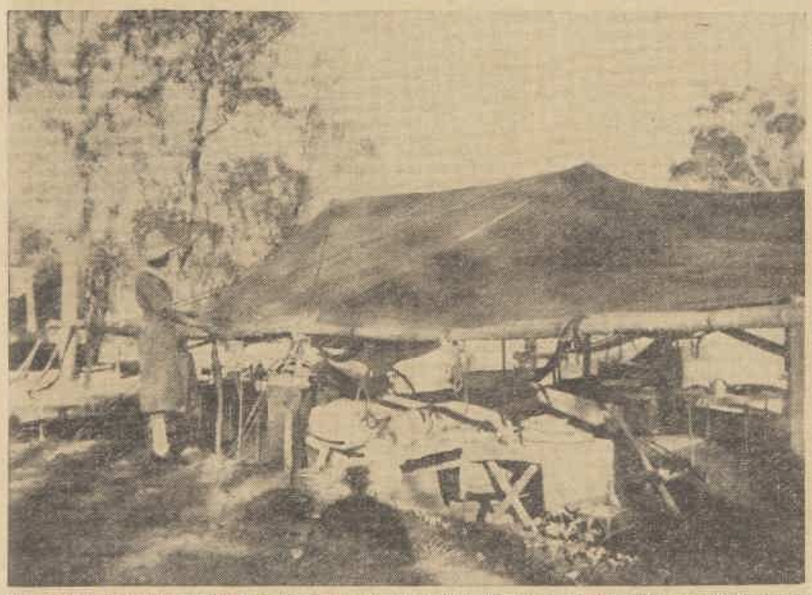
They nursed the "Burns Boys"... *See story page 9*

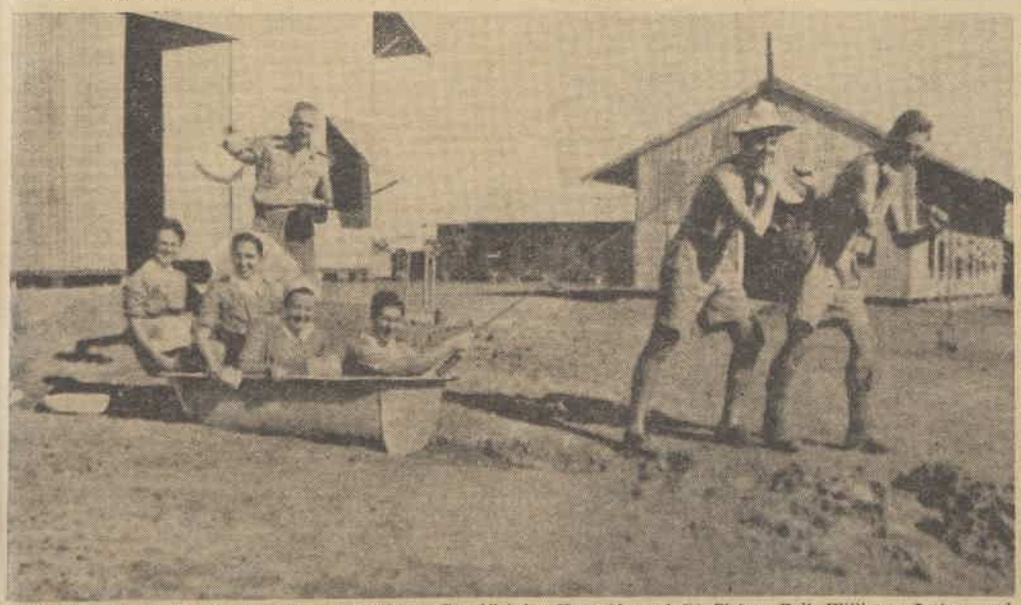
SISTER DORIS BELL, of Strathfield, doing the "Burns Boys'" washing for them outside the hospital, where she and other nurses did a fine job on badly-burned soldiers.

BICYCLES enable nurses to see some of the countryside. Sister Peg Cunningham (left) and Sister Doris Bell setting out.



THIS SUN-DAPPLED TENT is "home" to one of the team of nurses who do their magnificent work at an advanced station. They ask for no more comfort than this.

"BURNS BOYS'" first day up. In wheel-chairs are Darky Hudson, Ron Crake, another patient, and Jack Ryder.



THIS TIN BATH became famous as the "Burns Boys'" tub. Here (from left) Sisters Bell, Williams, Irvine, and Cunningham are being taken for a ride in it. Behind them is Mr. W. Smith, Red Cross Commissioner.

OFF-DUTY, nurses are enthusiastic gardeners. Sister Bell at work.

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HUMOROUS SHORT STORY

IF YOU DON'T SPECULATE

The old car wheezed and rattled, but Peter managed to drive it into adventure beyond his wildest dreams.

"Here's the young gintleman himself," said the constable, proudly indicating Peter.

MRS. BRADBOURNE could not look at the thing without smarting eyes and a lump in her throat. It represented the wreck of so many fond hopes.

When she heard of Peter's legacy, she had been overjoyed. She had always hoped his godfather would remember him, and do something for him, and he actually had.

That ten pounds, free of legacy duty, was like a dream come true.

How she longed to write and give him good advice as to what to do with it, but from conscientious motives she refrained. The young, she had read in a book, have to work out their own destiny. Peter was seventeen, and she must not interfere.

He needed so many things. Clothes, boots, a new overcoat. And she did hope he would think of putting some of it into the bank.

If he thought of giving her a present—and since he was a generous boy she felt he would—she hoped he would perhaps think of some new tablecloths for the tea-room.

Things hadn't been going too well of late in the tea-room. She had had no money left over for replacements. She was living, she knew, above her means. She ought not to have sent Peter to the engineering college at all. Her relations were always saying so.

Bravely she had repeated Peter's famous slogan: "If you don't speculate you can't accumulate!"

It sounded good, though she was not quite sure what it meant.

If he didn't think of new tablecloths perhaps he would remember a present for Tillie. Tillie was the cake-hand and first-class at her job, but unless she was sweetened from time to time with a fair tip, or a new blouse, or a pair of shoes, she developed the most amazing symptoms; symptoms of obscure diseases Tillie was about to get, which would be certain to come on at the one busy week-end of the season.

Mrs. Bradbourne had looked so well ahead before she took the cottage. There hadn't been another place like it for miles. Her orange umbrellas had twinkled unique upon the landscape, and every Saturday her little field had been packed with cars.

But since then newer and more up-to-date tea-rooms had sprung up all about her, with larger umbrellas in bigger gardens. With pretty waitresses that needed no wages, being produced on the premises, so to speak—daughters of the house.

Mrs. Bradbourne had no daughters. She only had Peter.

Three days after his legacy was paid he wrote to her:

"I'm coming home for the week-end and I've got a most marvellous surprise for you, darling. Expect me about five."

The tea-room was disastrously unbusy for a Saturday, and Mrs. Bradbourne was waiting in the garden anxiously from four-thirty onwards. Tillie was in a very bad mood, and she was glad to get out of the kitchen.

There was a shattering explosion, and Peter drew up at the gate in an incredibly antique small blue tin motor car. When he turned off the engine it shuddered, drew two hissing breaths, and stopped with a sob that shook it from end to end.

"Now, Mrs. B., what do you think of my latest investment?" said Peter. "The engine is good for another three thousand miles. It's got an entire outfit of tools, and four quite good tyres, and I got the whole thing for five pounds. A bargain!"

"Oh, Peter," she quavered. "Do you mean you have bought it?"

Luckily he took her emotion for delight.

"Yes, darling, it's our very own."

He opened the bonnet and showed her what looked like the remains of a dead sewing machine, found on ruined premises after a fire. She hardly heard what he said, and in any case it meant little to her. She was watching shirts, socks, an overcoat, a bank balance, a tip for Tillie, who by now was glowering disapprovingly in the background, holding a tea-tray, all go whistling down the wind. It brought the tears smarting to her eyes.

"Of course, it's not new," said Peter. As if he needed to explain. "But that was the best car Piskin's ever made. And just think how useful it will be, darling. Think of the fun we shall have, visiting beauty spots together. Just think of the geography I shall learn tootling about in it. Think of all——"

SHE did not hear the rest. Dully, she put out a finger and touched the mudguard. It flapped like the wing of a dead bird.

"Bit loose, isn't it?"

"As a matter of fact, that one sometimes drops off. But it makes a funny drumming sound to warn you, so you can usually stop in time. The engine is what really counts, and it's in first-class order. Listen to it."

He turned the little handle that stuck out in front.

"Wheeze, wheeze, whee-ze!" said the engine, and started with a shattering explosion. The Baby Piskin stood there flapping its loose mudguards like a large bird contemplating flight. Peter beamed triumphantly, and turned the engine off, only, it seemed, a minute before the frail body was shaken to pieces.

"There!" he said, delighted.

"Twitchings in every joint and everything I eat upsetting me," came the voice of Tillie, in the ensuing silence.

Mrs. Bradbourne went to her room and stood in the window looking out into the garden.

Up to now, she had fought the conviction that Peter was just another of the modern young men of the day—rash, car-mad, inconsequential. She had, till now, fought her suspicions that he was really no different.

Now the worst of them was confirmed.

He had had a legacy, the only legacy he would ever get. And had squandered it recklessly and foolishly.

She took two aspirins and cried.

. . . . . .

Peter christened his car the Wheezobus, from the noise it made starting, and now it seemed to Mrs. Bradbourne there had never been a time when the ramshackle little tin body had not lurked in the woodshed. She got used to its crashing start, its sobbing when the engine was turned off.

But being driven round the beauty spots, that was a thing she could not and would not get accustomed to.

Nothing on the Baby Piskin worked quite as efficiently as it had done sixteen years previously, but even Mrs. Bradbourne could not find it in her heart to blame it for that. The marvel was that it worked at all, that more things did not drop off, oftener.

The mudguard did, in the middle of Guildford High Street. There arose an ominous drumming and throbbing.

"I know what it is," said Peter, gaily. "Don't worry."

He pulled up and sprang out.

Guildford High Street is not a good place to stop and rearrange things. Police gathered, and said things. Cars queued up behind them, signifying displeasure on horns. Young men in sports saloons called caustic remarks.

The time they went to the sea was perhaps worst of all. For the road was full of buses and charabancs that towered over them and passed at colossal speed, and Peter drove in and out of these slaying monsters, like an adventurous but inebriated bee.

"Hold the door shut, darling, we're going to touch thirty," he called to her. "The door comes off when we touch thirty."

Mrs. Bradbourne clung to the door, and prayed. She could bear no more of it, but since she did not want to dishearten him or hurt his feelings there was nothing for it but to invent symptoms. She borrowed a few from Tillie, and had risings and sinkings of a strange nature all that summer, lest worse befall.

But she suffered days of dark depression. She could not see where it was all going to end. Things seemed to be closing in on her. The tea-room wasn't paying. Soon Peter's petrol fund would be exhausted, and he would start borrowing from her to replenish his tank. And there was another and worse bogy, that haunted her with worse nightmares when she was tired and alone. One day the telephone would ring, and it would be a police station. "Are you the mother of the boy with the ancient Baby Piskin Bc 1630?"

And Peter would be dead, or maimed for life. Or perhaps he would have killed someone.

The tea-room did worse and worse all that summer. In August Peter came home, finished for good with his training, ready to be launched on a world where, it seemed, there were already too many young men wanting to be engineers.

It was a Saturday afternoon in what should have been the busiest month, only for the cottage tea-room unfortunately it wasn't. Everyone went to Prim's Pantry, down the road. Tillie, sulking because she had been found fault with for wasting electricity, had developed symptoms so nauseating that Mrs. Bradbourne had sent her home for the day to rest.

She made the day's cakes herself, a job she detested, then got the tables ready for the visitors who so seldom came. She felt tired and depressed, and her head ached.

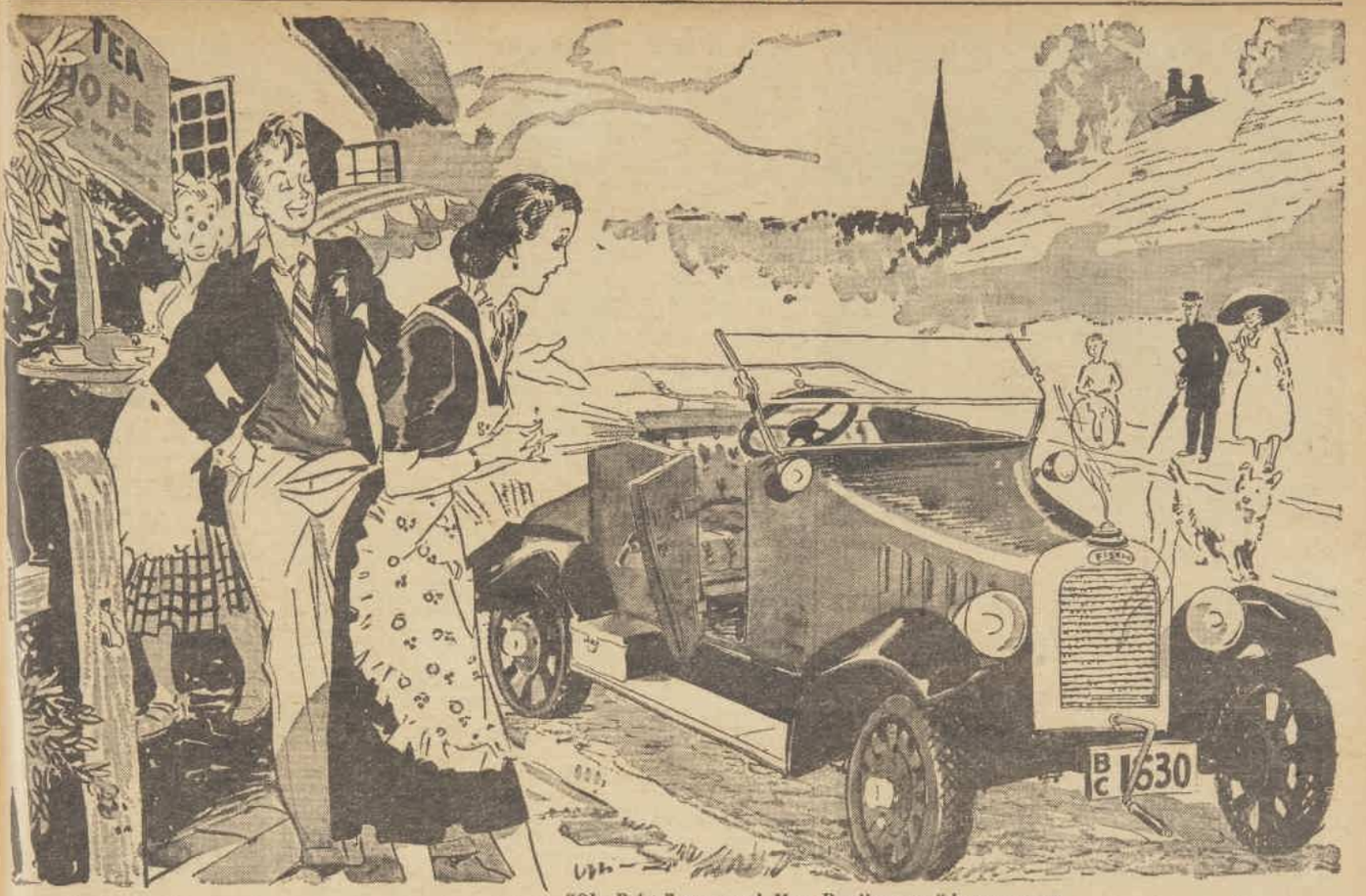
She wished Peter was at home.

He had gone clattering off in the Wheezobus that morning after a valiant effort to take her with him, which she had been able to evade reasonably because Tillie was away.

"Expect me when you see me, Mrs. B.," he said, waving a careless hand. Only that day he had broken the sad news to her that his petrol fund was finished. He had borrowed ten shillings to replenish it.

"Look on it as an investment, darling," he said, pocketing her last note cheerfully. "If you don't speculate, you can't accumulate."

She loved him so much! She found herself making excuses for him, even though she longed to spank him; for where, after all, would the world be if the young



"Oh, Peter," quavered Mrs. Bradbourne, "do you mean you have bought it?"

By Dorothy Black

were not wildly hopeful and cocksure?

The telephone tinkled.

Even before she lifted the receiver in her shaking hand, she knew.

Peter's voice said thinly from a distance: "Is that you, mother? Can you come?"

So it had been foreboding, after all, she had been suffering from! She said breathlessly: "Peter, where are you? What is it? Are you hurt?"

"Yes—No—At least, nothing much. Now don't fuss, but just come. I'm at the Police Station, Morton. Come at once."

How did he imagine she was going to get there? The next bus did not pass along the road till 4.45. It was the old story. He simply did not think. And there was no one to look after the tea-room, except Zoe, a girl without sufficient organising ability to keep her own stockings up.

Zoe was strangely responsive. Her dull face lit up with an almost intelligent look. She liked the idea of running the place alone.

"Of course I can manage, ma'am," she said, and started arranging the flowers without being told. Was it possible that all the young want is a free hand, a little more responsibility?

"Don't you worry, ma'am. Now don't 'ee," said Zoe, her manner quite mature.

Mrs. Bradbourne went and stood out in the road and gave herself up to the unpleasant task of trying to stop passing cars. A dozen sped by, angry red faces glowering out at her like gargoyles off a church. Motor cars, she thought, have not improved people's manners. She had almost given up hope, when a chauffeur-driven limousine slowed down, and glided silently to rest beside her.

A middle-aged man with a round and wholesome pink face and iron-grey hair, looked out of the window.

"Is there anything wrong, madam?"

Breathlessly, trying not to cry, she told him what was wrong. He opened the door for her courteously, and told her to get in. He said to the chauffeur: "Go by Morton, Wilkie. And stop at the police station."

How courtly he was, and how charming. Mrs. Bradbourne had forgotten there were such people.

"This is frightfully good of you," she said, breathlessly. She was usually dumb in the presence of strangers, but misery loosened her tongue.

By the time they reached Morton her companion had the whole sad story. All about the legacy that had been so rashly invested in a Baby Fiskin 1923 model. And how well Peter had done at college, and how difficult it was to get a boy started, and how inconsequential he was, car-mad like all the rest of the world, when he really could not afford it—and how this last disaster, whatever it was, seemed like the last straw.

The stranger's face lit at the mention of the Baby Fiskin. Mrs. Bradbourne thought dismally: He's just as bad as Peter. He said, leaning forward with interest:

"A 1923 model! And it still goes!" He laughed and slapped his knees. "This car is also a Fiskin," said the stranger. Just like the rest of mankind, he did not seem interested in anything else.

"Oh, is it?" said Mrs. Bradbourne, weakly. She looked at the long, slender bonnet, the rich upholstery. She said: "You wouldn't have thought it."

"A later model, of course," said the owner of it, looking at her, and laughing again.

They pulled up in front of Morton Police Station.

There in the afternoon sunshine reclined all that was left of the Wheezobus. It looked dignified in death. Everything that could drop off had done so, and its little hood pushed down gave it the air of a man whose bowler hat has been smashed over his eyes.

She had never liked the thing, but it made her feel sad to see it like that. She stood for a moment looking at it, and the stranger stood beside her, looking at it as if he were sorry, too. There was in his eyes the expression of one who meets, long after, a once prosperous friend, tragically reduced.

Mrs. Bradbourne forgot all about him.

"Peter!" she sobbed. What, in all this wreckage, had become of Peter? She looked round in bewilderment.

A red-faced policeman appeared. The moment she saw him she felt a bit better. He looked so cheerful, so bright. Even the police don't look so bright when there are bodies about.

"Is it the young hero himself you are looking for?" said the policeman, in a very persuasive brogue. "Indade, ma'am, 'tis a great work he has been after doing this day."

"Hero? Great work?" gasped Mrs. Bradbourne, all at sea. "Oh no. It's Peter Bradbourne I've come to see. I'm his mother."

"Thin many congratulations to you, ma'am, and here's the young gintleman himself."

Peter's arm was in a sling. He had a strip of plaster over one eyebrow. Something had happened to the end of his nose, and a great deal to his suit. His only good one, too.

"Oh, Peter," sobbed his mother, wildly, "what have you done? Whatever has happened to you?"

The policeman laid a hand like a ham on Peter's shoulder.

"Wait now," he said, "till I tell you."

There seemed to be a lot of people listening to the story. There was a young man taking notes in a book. Nearby, someone was getting a camera into position. Peter wasn't dead. He wasn't even maimed for life, and it seemed he had not killed anyone.

What, then, had Peter done?

With an effort she concentrated on the policeman and his fascinating brogue.

They had, it seemed, a message that morning telling them to look out for a car that had been concerned in a smash and grab raid at Brighton, and they picked it up on the Kingston By-pass. It was making for London, but seeing the police it turned and made south.

They followed it to Guildford and had a fine chase down the Portsmouth Road and through Horsham, but they lost it on the Downs, and it doubled back on them and a message came it had passed Swallowfield and was making for London again, via Morton. The streets of Morton go up hill and down, and cross and recross like the complicated strands of a spider's web.

"We'd have lost them there, 'tis certain, if it hadn't been for this young gintleman. For what did he do, when he saw them coming, and us after thim—but draw his car right in front of them in a narrow street where they couldn't get by at all, so we had the lot of them. There'll be a reward for this, and 'tis a better car he'll be able to buy."

Peter went over and stood beside the wreck of the Wheezobus, looking down at it. Cameras clicked. The reporter made notes.

"No one could want a better car," said Peter, sadly. "The engine was good for another three thousand miles. It was the finest little car that was ever put on the road. I shall try and get another exactly like it."

The stranger was still standing there, his good-natured face creased with amusement.

"Well, all's well that ends well, ma'am," he said, to Mrs Bradbourne. "You'd better let me drive you home. It doesn't look to me as if the 1923 model is going to be of much use to you."

Mrs. Bradbourne closed her eyes, and dozed most of the way back. It did not matter. They did not miss her. Peter and the stranger talked cars without ceasing, both inside and out. At his age, thought Mrs. Bradbourne a trifle scornfully, you'd think he might have grown out of it, but he hadn't.

He came in and had tea at the cottage tea-room before he returned to town. It wasn't until he had gone that Mrs. Bradbourne said regretfully: "We never asked his name!"

It did not seem to matter.

The story was in all the papers. Not only with pictures of Peter and the Wheezobus, but also of the Cottage Tea Rooms. "Home of Mr. Peter Bradbourne, who was responsible with his Baby Fiskin 1923 model for the arrest of the smash and grab raiders."

Towards one o'clock that day, Mrs. Bradbourne became aware of something unusual afoot. Car after car slowed down, and did not pass, but turned into her park. People looked out of windows and said: "There it is!"

By two she was sending people away. By four she had to send over to Prim's Pantry for supplies. The rush had caught her unawares.

The owner of Prim's Pantry stood in the garden, the paper in her hand, jealously regarding the crowd over the way. Mrs. Bradbourne had to telephone to the village for help. She promised Tillie such a fat tip when a fresh rush of cars arrived for supper that all symptoms of a goitre that had been collecting over the week-end went whistling down the wind.

At nine that night, Mrs. Bradbourne got her first chance to sit down and collect her scattered thoughts, but she hardly knew what to think. The day's haul had wiped off her overdraft at the bank. She had been so furious when Peter had bought the Wheezobus. It had seemed such a silly thing to do—but after all—was it?

She hadn't decided the problem when Peter came into her room, a great barge-pole of a boy, wearing his dressing-gown, girt about the middle with a tattered cord.

He threw a letter on her lap.

"Read that, Mrs. B. It came this evening, but I didn't show it to you before, in case you got over-excited."

He stood looking down at her, grinning, wearing exactly the same expression he had done years ago in his pram.

The letter was written on thick luxurious paper with thick blue heading, from an office in Pall Mall.

"Dear Peter Bradbourne," it ran. "I was much touched by the unsolicited advertisement you gave the Baby Fiskin last Saturday. It was the first car I ever invented, and I still keep for it in my heart the tender spot humanity has for all its first efforts.

"I have always thought myself it was a grand little car, but even I did not know there were 1923 models still going.

"If you would like to call and see me at the above address, I think I might be able to put you in the way of employment here.

Yours sincerely,
George Fiskin."

"Did you ever? It must have been the famous Sir George himself. What a bit of luck! Look at me long and carefully, mother. For all you know I may be a motor magnate of the future."

He kissed her and laughed, and said: "What did I tell you? If you don't speculate, you can't accumulate."

And then his eyes darkened, and his face grew serious.

"But I think I ought to tell you, darling, that really I'm not a hero at all. As a matter of fact, I knew nothing about the police, or the bandits. I heard that queer drumming sound, but this time it happened too late. I had no choice but to pull up. Both the mudguards dropped off!"

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ADA AND ELSIE, whose droll wit and sparkling dialogue are a feature of the "Calling the Stars" session from 2GB.

Music for the woman in the home

2GB's lunch-hour entertainment

To the housewife at home the lunch hour is an important part of the day in relation to radio.

That is why 2GB has decided to build up this section of its programmes and in future will present a special feature by Reg Johnston.

ONE of the younger radio personalities, Reg. Johnston has made a name for himself through his association with "The Youth Show," which he now compères.

Already his name has been associated with a number of other important programmes. With Judy Young he conducts the Children's Session five nights a week, and other such popular features as "Swingtime" and "Programme Builders."

Now that he has assumed control of this lunch-hour session, between 12.45 and 2, he will have further opportunity to prove his versatility.

Music will be the basis of the session, but the musical programme will be interspersed with features arranged and presented by Johnston.

These will be short, and should provide welcome breaks in the music. Some of them will be musical in nature, some dramatic, and others humorous. Among the features already planned are "Classical Cameos," "The Laughing Philosopher," "Hollywood Snapshots," "Do You Believe It," and "South American Way."

"Classical Cameos" will present famous storytellers with brief dramatic excerpts from their works. Thus Charles Dickens will be represented by the scene between Pip and Magwitch the Convict, from "Great Expectations."—Dumas either by a scene from "The Count of Monte Cristo" or "The Black Tulip."

"The Laughing Philosopher" will tell the stories of famous humorists, with selections—mainly recorded—of their particular types of humor.

"Do You Believe It" is a series designed to explain the origin of favorite superstitions.

"Hollywood Snapshots" will feature scenes from the films with memories of past movie successes.

To add further to the attraction of the luncheon session that popular feature, "Songs at the Piano," with Jack Lumsdaine and Hilda Farmilo, has been transferred from the evening programme, and will in future be heard every Monday to Friday at 1 p.m. These artists have built up a big following, and it is a tribute to the importance 2GB attaches to its women listeners that it should be heard in future as one of its daytime features.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, October 7.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, October 8.—Goodie Reeve in "Precious Moments." Also Mrs. Olwen Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

FRIDAY, October 9.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

SATURDAY, October 10.—Goodie Reeve in "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, October 11. — Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, October 12.—"Letters from Our Boys."

TUESDAY, October 13.—"Musical Alphabet." Also Mrs. Olwen Francis in "The Housewife on the Home Front."

The Rosy Wish

Continued from page 6

SANDRA broke off to chuckle again, then went on: "Blue jeans and a seersucker shirt. And a straw hat with a hole in it for my hair to stick through. I'll tell you, Lynn—you go as a hobo. We'll take the prize for the most comic pair—"

Lynn kicked a pebble off the road. "I wish for once you'd go as something—well, lovely—not ludicrous. Because you are lovely, San."

"Me lovely?" Sandra said with severity. "Our dark suspicion is that it's Lynn Marshfield you have at the back of your mind. Like to see him as something romantic, wouldn't you? Romeo. A priceless Juliet I'd be, wouldn't I? Or how about my Spring to your Autumn?"

"I'd like you much better as Spring than as a hayseed——"

"You're not obliged to like me at all," she retorted crisply. "And I'm going that way."

. . . . . .

Ted Bingham told her next day that Lynn Marshfield was going to the dance as Night; and that the Langdon girl at the inn would be Moonlight. She was making Lynn a black velvet cape out of an evening wrap and was sewing silver paper stars on it. And she'd wired home for a party dress of black tulle over cloth of silver. But Sandra couldn't be bothered.

Hunting for her tube of crimson lake on the mantel, her eyes encountered the pink vase. Yesterday she had bought some pale mauve scabiosa and sprays of gypsophila. Her eye now lingered on that loveliness against the panel.

Her enraptured gaze took in something else. Dust again! And the whole shelf a hopeless clutter. The place was a disgrace!

Sandra whipped a kerchief round her head, tied on a huge kitchen apron (left by Vicky) and with fury set to work. She even took down the faded curtains and substituted fresh amber net brought with her in June.

At five, the sea breeze was fluttering the new curtains and blowing through clean orderliness. Nothing at all on the mantel now but a rose-flushed vase holding sprays of feathery white against a grey panel.

That night Ted Bingham invited Sandra to go down to the tea house for cheese dreams. When they came in they found the place jammed. Lynn Marshfield stood up and waved. The Langdon girl was sitting next to him.

Ted Bingham called across the table, "Hi, Lynn. Flag's going up to-morrow. What do you know, San's housecleaned!"

Lynn glanced across with a twinkle. "I'd hate to remark it was time."

The Langdon girl opened wide eyes. "But, Lynn, honey, you wouldn't expect artists to be housekeepers!"

Sandra kept the merry look in her blue eyes. "I don't know about housekeepers, but Lynn once insisted I was the perfect home-keeper. Remember, Lynn? The night Vicky and I threw the rarebit party—"

Lynn was smiling into her eyes. "Of course I do! It was after you two fixed up the studio. But what I remarked, if I remember, was that you were the perfect home-maker. It was Vicky who was the perfect home-keeper."

Sandra laughed with all of them. But it hurt.

. . . . . .

The hayseed costume was going to be a riot, no doubt about that. Sandra was trying it on in front of the oblong mirror. It was just as she had described it to Lynn. She'd certainly win the prize!

What was that sentimental nonsense of Lynn's? "I'd rather see you lovely than ludicrous."

Behind the figure in the mirror stretched a perspective of orderly studio ending in a vase of white cosmos against a grey panel. The burlesque figure in the foreground bulked with suddenly inexcusable ugliness.

Sandra said to her reflection: "You're a sight. Not amusing at all. You are merely hideous — and pathetic. You think it's funny, don't you, to make a clown of yourself to amuse people? But Lynn doesn't. Lynn despises it—"

She began to strip off the costume. She kicked it under the couch and stepped into her bedroom for her negligee. Then she went back to the mirror. Lynn wanted her to be feminine. And why not?

Lynn had said, "You are lovely—"

If Sandra Ridgway kept on being pertly self-sufficient, if she continued to be shiftless and casual about her background—making painting her alibi—she was going to lose something she valued far more than her painting.

Her sober gaze, straying beyond the girl in the mirror, encountered again the vase with its sprays of feathery white. Against that grey background it was the tint of the first flush of dawn . . .

Very well, she'd go to the dance as Dawn. All faint rose touched with grey. Something floating—chiffon. And the morning star, silver, on her forehead, fastened by a silver ribbon around her hair. And she would carry that vase, uplifted in both hands . . .

Mrs. Erskine sent the chiffon, yards and yards of it to make floating draperies that would fall back from bare, uplifted arms. She was tremendously flattered, she wrote, that her little remembrance had been the inspiration for such a charming costume. She sent silver leaves to be clipped into points of the morning star. And sandals of grey suede for the rosy feet of Dawn.

She ventured to send also a fluttery blue-and-white frock. "So absurdly cheap," she wrote, "and so exactly the color of your eyes that I couldn't resist it. You can send it back and have it credited if you don't want it—but doesn't it seem just the thing for your picture show?"

Dawn was awarded first prize as "the costume representing most artistic inspiration."

Moonlight (certain of the prize) was resentful. She resented, too, Night's neglect of her, tagging about in the wake of Dawn . . . She was tired of islands, anyhow, and wanted to get back where she could hear cheery taxi horns instead of the eternal moan of a foghorn.

. . . . . .

The pink vase smashed on Sandra's doorstep when it slid from under Lynn Marshfield's arm as he lifted his flashlight to find the keyhole. Conversation had been so engrossing coming up the hill that he had forgotten the slippery little thing tucked under his arm. They picked up the pieces and carried them inside.

Sandra was regarding them, forlornly heaped under the grey panel. "My Rosy Wish!" she lamented.

But Lynn was looking at Sandra in the dawn-pink dress. He came over and put his arms around her. He said: "What do we need of any silly pink vase in our lives? San—let's tell 'em at the picture show, shall we? Everybody'll be leaving after that and I want to tell the island—I want to tell the world——"

In his arms she was gazing across his shoulder. She was musing, "I'll wear that new blue-and-white dress——"

"To match your eyes," approved Lynn. **(Copyright)**

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"See! I told you it wasn't a whale you saw out there."

The Well in the Paddock

Continued from page 4

MALACHI rode down a little farther and tried again, but his horse refused to face the watershoot, and while he reared and plunged the stockmen were riding through the thicket just above him. In desperation he dismounted and led his horse, dragging at the bridle impatiently.

The horsemen shouted, and stones rattled down the slope as they increased their pace to overtake Malachi. By this time he had jerked his horse on to earthy ground, climbed into the saddle, and before they crossed the watershoots he was in the scrub, riding as fast as he dared.

Very soon he came up to Neil, brushed past him and led to a side track until they were beside a tributary of the creek, overgrown with trees and vines, but where there was a small patch of natural clearing. Malachi dismounted, pulling Neil's mare beside his own horse.

"Git off," he commanded in a rough whisper, "an' if ye make a sound, or yer mare cracks as much as a twig, I'll bash yer brains in, ye——"

An hour later, Bill Carter and one of the stockmen rode out of the scrub. The other two were riding around the twelve bullocks that Malachi had mustered.

"I'll swear he rode into the scrub," Carter was saying, "where else could he go?"

"Why didn't we hear him?" his companion wondered, a big red-headed man called Conner. "It was too dark to see, but a man would expect to hear him crashin' through the timber somewhere."

"Well, I'm goin' to wait here till daylight," announced Carter. "He'll sneak out before then, and I'm stayin' here to nab him."

"I'll give the others a hand with them bullocks as far as the plateau," said Conner, "then I'll come back to you. You keep your eye peeled. If I was you I wouldn't be givin' that old swine too many chances at me."

Malachi was too cunning to be caught like that, however. Carter thought there was only one track through the scrub, but the Ahearns led their horses through a maze of vines and undergrowth till they were able to hit the track that led to the back paddock.

The sun was high in the sky when they came to the house. Mrs. Ahearn was scrubbing the kitchen floor. Malachi walked through and ground his dirty boots on the clean boards.

"You can't shoot Curly this time," thought Neil, as he moved his head slowly up and down, thinking of his plan and smiling to himself.

. . . . . .

The following morning, while Neil was having his breakfast, he saw his father strap his coat to his saddle. He went to the door and watched him ride towards the back paddock. Neil got his axe and followed, and when Malachi's shifty eyes turned suspiciously in his direction he got off his mare and set to work ring-barking. He worked till Malachi was out of sight, then he mounted again and rode after him. When Malachi turned and looked at him, Neil said in his monotonous voice, "There's water in the well."

"Eh?" said Malachi.

"Yeh," said Neil indifferently.

Malachi rode on and Neil dropped behind. Presently the sound of his axe rang out over the paddock, but Neil was watching his father leave the track and ride towards the well. Malachi dismounted and approached the mouth. He pushed aside a couple of slabs and peered down.

"Yer can't see till all the slabs is off—not enough light," said Neil, as he proceeded to pull away all the covering.

Malachi peered down again, and Neil came up behind him. Malachi turned. "How much water do ye reckon's in the well?" His voice was contemptuous, but Neil answered evenly: "Ten or fifteen feet, it's hard to tell from up here."

"What?" said Malachi incredulously, and he turned again to the well and looked down.

"I couldn't see till I lay on me stomach and looked over," Neil told him.

Malachi was on the ground in a moment, and he lay there for fully a minute before he decided to spring to his feet and find out why Neil had made such a fool of him, for the well was as dry as when he left it.

His knees were bunched, his toes brushing the ground as his feet were drawn up. One hand pressed the well edge, the other he flung out to help balance him as he scrambled to his feet, but that instant Neil seized him under his doubled-up knees and turned him completely over.

Malachi tried to clutch at the edge, but his fingers only brushed it. Neil heard a bump and then a hollow echo.

He listened a while, but there was no other sound. "Reckon he broke his neck," he said to himself. He removed the saddle and bridle from the grey horse and threw them down the well.

The earth and rocks were piled in mounds about the well, and leisurely Neil shovelled it in till he judged his father was buried six feet underneath. He replaced the slabs then, and led away the grey horse, using a piece of rope for a rein. He rode till he reached the plateau, and there in sight of brumbies from the station he let the grey horse go.

Riding home he nodded with satisfaction, thinking to himself that his plan had carried well. No one would go near the well for years, perhaps never again. People would just say "Old Malachi Ahearn has went away."

Carter would say, "He is keeping away because he knows we are watching him. He is afraid to come back," and the grey horse — who would bother about the grey horse if they saw it on the range? They knew Malachi often turned it out on the plateau when it needed a spell.

Neil's mother was waiting at the door when he got home. "Has your father went away?" she asked.

"Yeh!" said Neil.

"What was ye doin' this mornin' to make ye so late?"

"Ringin' and one thing an' another," said Neil.

He sat on the steps and looked at the new-turned soil where his mother had planted out some sunflowers, and he nodded in his slow way, muttering to himself.

"No one can't say I done nothin' for Curly. He was the best little dog."

The warm sun made him drowsy. He yawned and decided to ride down to the Willerts' after tea and get his pup.

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"BELINDA"

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YOU will find this casually tailored little frock ideal for every occasion, and it is available now from our Fashion Frock Department either ready to wear or cut out ready to make yourself.

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"BELINDA" has been designed with an eye to flattery and round-the-clock service, and you will love it for its cool neckline, extended shoulders, and graceful skirt.

READY-TO-WEAR: Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 39/11 (12 coupons). Sizes 38 and 40-inch bust, 42/11 (12 coupons).

CUT OUT READY TO MAKE YOURSELF: Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 29/11 (12 coupons). Sizes 38 and 40-inch bust, 35/- (12 coupons). Postage, 1/6½ extra.

How to obtain "BELINDA." In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given at right. When ordering be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.

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PLEASE NOTE!

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and full address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

Our needlework expert gives you . . .

PATTERNS FOR JOLLY TOYS

• You can gladden little hearts this Christmas with bonny toys made very professionally by your own hands.

THESE patterns will aid you in the making. The majority are available in three different sizes—10, 16, and 18 inches. You can utilise all kinds of scraps and best parts of discarded dresses or coats to make them, and so save your purse—and your coupons.

Here are the sizes. All patterns cost 1/1 each, post free:

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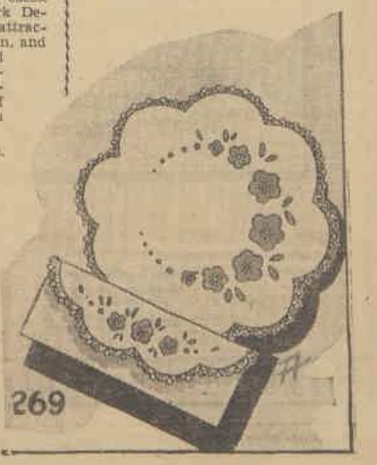
For Christmas giving . . .

Powder Puff and Comb Cases

SIMPLE gifts that do not eat into your coupon books will be the fashion this Christmas. And what nicer than gifts carrying evidence of your personal handicraft?

At right are shown dainty puff and comb cases. These are now available from our Needlework Department traced on really lovely organdie in an attractive range of shades embracing pink, blue, green, and lemon. The puff case is circular and of a good size, and shows a dainty lace edge. You probably have enough lace in your scrap-bag to complete the whole set. A dainty embroidery motif is featured on the top of the puff case and on the front flap of the comb container.

Price for complete set, 2/3. Plus 3½d. postage.



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Rita Hayworth's illness brings her romance into the news

RITA HAYWORTH'S illness, following on her collapse from exhaustion after her War Bond tour, is causing concern. She is still so sick that the doctors have forbidden her all visitors. But there is a romantic slant to this worrying time for Rita.

Victor Mature spent a whole precious day's leave from the U.S. Coastguard pacing the hospital where he was refused admittance to see Rita.

Their romance, which began in making "My Gal Sal" at Fox, looks really serious. Rita, who divorced oil-magnate husband Ed Judson some months ago, is wearing Mature's diamond and ruby ring.

* * *

GARY COOPER told me this week that he has been asked to portray the late Will Rogers on the screen. The film will be based on Mrs. Rogers' biography of her famous husband (which was first a Saturday Evening Post serial, and has since been published in book form).

* * *

DAVID O. SELZNICK'S sale of all his holdings to Paramount has caused considerable speculation in the industry. But look what Paramount gets! . . . the contracts of Ingrid Bergman and Joan Fontaine; the film rights of Cronin's "Keys of the Kingdom" and "Jane Eyre."

Incidentally, it looks as if Joan Fontaine will be starred in Daphne Du Maurier's "Frenchman's Creek" (with Boyer as co-star) before she appears as Jane Eyre (to the Rochester of Alan Marshal).

* * *

JEAN PARKER has cited the usual "incompatibility" as the reason for her divorcing her second husband, New York radio announcer Douglas Dawson.

AVA ROONEY, whose divorce suit from Mickey is causing nationwide discussion, has been signed by Monogram for a role in "Little Mobsters." She will appear with the remnants of the Dead End Kids and Australian actress Daphne Pollard. That is, she will appear if she recovers in time from the sore throat which is keeping her at home. Monogram is shooting around Ava's scenes at the moment, but cannot wait indefinitely.

* * *

ANN SOTHERN'S next Maisie picture will follow the trend of the times by showing Maisie as a girl worker in an aeroplane factory. Film has the appropriate title of "Swing It, Maisie."

* * *

MARLENE DIETRICH has injured those famous legs again. (She broke her ankle during her last Universal picture). On the set of "Pittsburgh," Marlene became accidentally involved in a fierce (film) fight between Randolph Scott and John Wayne. Marlene were trampled, and suffered severe bruises.

* * *

THE shortage of midgets in wartime Hollywood was brought to light last week when Charles Boyer was able to secure only two out of Central Casting's original forty for a carnival scene in "Flesh and Fantasy." Boyer was told that all circus midgets are employed in plane factories, working in fuselages where grown workers are unable to squeeze.

HOLLYWOOD CABLE from VIOLA MACDONALD

AUSTRALIAN director John Farrow (who is being showered with praise for his "Wake Island" and "Commandos," recently completed) will next produce "China," which stars Loretta Young as a missionary schoolteacher. Alan Ladd is her leading man.

Farrow's triumph is, however, clouded by personal anxiety. For his wife, Maureen O'Sullivan, became too ill to return with him from their recent Vancouver location trip. Maureen (who expects a second baby) is still in a Canadian hospital.

* * *

HORROR-MAN Bela Lugosi is now chilling Chicago theatregoers with a stage version of "Dracula." He opens on Broadway next month with the play; and later will return here for horror films.

"It's extraordinary, but it seems that despite the war audiences are crying out for more and more synthetic horror," mused Mr. Lugosi to Chicago Pressmen.

* * *

JIMMY CAGNEY is the new president of the Screen Actors' Guild, replacing Edward Arnold.

HOLLYWOOD MEETS NAVY. Warners' 17-year-old star, Joan Leslie, dances with 18-year-old John Walford at a Services benefit party.

Film Reviews

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★★ PROFESSOR MAMLOCK

(Week's Best Release)

S. Meshinski. (Soviet-made.)

THE first Russian talkie to reach Australia, "Professor Mamlock" is a full-length fiction film. It is also a powerful, realistic anti-Nazi drama, which culminates in a burning indictment of Nazism from the dying professor.

Its theme, that of a Jewish doctor in Germany who is persecuted and finally killed by the Nazis, is handled in a way different from all English-speaking dramas on the same theme. For the Russian producers stress the doctor's initial indifference to all politics. He is a scientist. He disapproves strongly of his son's activities in anti-Hitler movements, because this distracts his attention from his medical studies. But comes the burning of the Reichstag. The doctor's clinic is invaded. And he himself (superbly played by S. Meshinski) is dragged off by jeering Brownshirts.

The production of "Professor Mamlock" is extraordinarily interesting to study. Its newsworthy theme is handled with newsreel technique — shot after shot, as actor after actor might be caught from real life.

The handling of crowd scenes, of panoramic street scenes, of factory meetings is masterly.

But "Professor Mamlock," presented in its original form, with English titles superimposed, is also strongly human. The doctor himself is a lovable, incisive figure. His home scenes are charming and tender. And the contrast between the dignity of this man of science and the brutality of his end is shockingly vivid. — Savoy; showing.

★★ ICE-CAPADES

Dorothy Lewis, James Ellison. (Republic.)

REPUBLIC has assembled an impressive troupe of world-famous ice-skaters for this spectacularly diverting skating film.

American skating star Dorothy Lawis makes her screen debut as the heroine, and there are dazzling specialty numbers from Megan Taylor (recently in Australia), Vera Hruba, Belita, and other members of the "Ice-Capades" road show.

About half the film is devoted to routines on ice, but they are tied in neatly with the plot, revolving round James Ellison, a newsreel cameraman who photographs the wrong girl when assigned to cover a skating exhibition.—Victory; showing.

★ SLEEPYTIME GAL

Judy Canova, Tom Brown. (Republic.)

FANS of the raucous-voiced, engaging Judy Canova will probably enjoy this comedy, although it is by no means in the same class as her first, "Scatterbrain."

Judy plays a kitchen maid in one of Miami's luxurious hotels. Bellboy Tom Brown schemes to enter Judy in a contest sponsored by band-leader Skinny Ennis — but enters her under the name of Sugar Gaston (Ruth Terry), because he overhears a plot to make Sugar the winner.

It is, as usual, Judy's picture. Skinny Ennis and his band provide some tuneful music, Billy Gilbert and Jay Novello some amusing moments.—State; showing.

★ TEXAS

William Holden, Claire Trevor. (Columbia.)

PLENTY of riding and shooting, better acting than usual, and a sound plot make "Texas" one of the more entertaining Western melodramas.

William Holden and Glenn Ford play two intrepid young men who join together to rid the ranchers of a rustling gang. They also love the same girl—Claire Trevor.

George Bancroft as an honest rancher and Edgar Buchanan as head crook both give sterling performances. — Cameo and Capitol; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **Mrs. Miniver.** Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon in magnificent drama.—Liberty; 2nd week.

★★★ **The Man Who Came to Dinner.** Monty Woolley, Bette Davis in enchanting comedy.—Century; 2nd week.

★★★ **Joan of Paris.** Poignant drama of Occupied France introduces fascinating Michele Morgan, Paul Henreid.—Embassy; 7th week.

★★ **Ball of Fire.** Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck in attractive whimsy.—Regent; 3rd week.

★★ **Roxie Hart.** Witty satire, starring Ginger Rogers.—Plaza; 3rd week.

★★ **Smilin' Through.** Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond in tear-jerking musical.—St. James; 2nd week.

★★ **The Lady Has Plans.**—Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland in witty comedy-drama.—Prince Edward; 2nd week.

★ **Ride 'Em, Cowboy.** Abbott, Costello, less comical than usual.—Lyceum; 3rd week.

★ **Tuttles of Tahiti.** Charles Laughton in over-artless island romance.—Mayfair; 3rd week.

Judith glad to be human

By VIOLA MacDONALD, Hollywood

JUDITH ANDERSON, Australian actress of such films as "Rebecca," rejoiced to me this week because her Hollywood luck had changed.

"I am sick and tired of being considered a female Boris Karloff," Judith exclaimed. "Playing the menacing housekeeper in 'Rebecca' was splendid. But since that picture, and 'Lady Scarface,' I have been given none but horror roles.

"Thank goodness, my luck seems to have changed with 'Edge of Darkness.' In this Warners' film I am actually sympathetic—a Norwegian hotelkeeper who outwits the Nazis."

Dark-haired, green-eyed Judith has just returned to Hollywood after an eight months' brilliant stage season in "Macbeth."

She donated all royalties from "Macbeth" recording to War Relief.

THIS OFF-THE-SET PICTURE of Australian actress Judith Anderson shows an attractive woman.

They're on in day-time now!

JACK LUMSDAINE
and
HILDA FARMILO

Monday to Friday
"On the Hour" at 1 p.m. from 2GB

"RADIO MATINEE"
an hour of sparkling variety with HARRY NOTT as compere.

2GB

EVERY THURSDAY, 3.20 P.M.

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● *Contrasts in romance. Above: Vic Mature with Betty Grable in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Song of the Islands." Below: Mickey Rooney with Judy Garland, to be starred in MGM's "Girl Crazy."*

Movie World

THEY PORTRAY WAR HEROINES

By CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

PRACTICALLY every actress of star calibre to-day is portraying a wartime heroine—and loving her role. For they all consider it as part of their war effort.

Claudette Colbert has departed from the frivolity and frippery of her recent films to play a U.S. Army nurse at the gallant Corregidor fortress in "So Proudly We Hail."

Deanna Durbin is half-way through her less romantic but sturdy role of girl factory-worker in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up." It's a sequel to her first hit picture, and her heroine joins America's war equipment drive.

Also in her film—one of the "smart girls" and a fellow factory-worker—is Jennifer Holt, Jack Holt's attractive young daughter.

It so happens that MGM is searching its story shelves for a war story for songbird Judy Garland, who has done just about everything she can for America's war effort except appear in a topical film.

Probably the first star to prove that you can wear uniform and be glamorous, too, was Betty Grable, who made one of her successful film appearances as the Waaf in "A Yank in the R.A.F."

Now Joan Crawford has two war stories lined up for her. She will play a Waac (member of America's women's army) in "Women in Uniform," the story for which was written by Anita Loos.

She will also portray a war wife in MGM's "Next of Kin."

So with the help of the older men and character actors the glamor girls, in their dramas of heroines of to-day, are helping the studios to cope with the serious shortage of masculine personnel.

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Hollywood tells story of a wartime English family

Baby and I are getting on wonderfully now. Ford Pills are so gentle and effective that they are worth their weight in gold.

For nursing mothers Ford Pills are just right because they don't cause griping, they don't flavour mother's milk or upset baby and they are a gentle and effective laxative. Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit that keep you well in Nature's way.

Start a course of Ford Pills to-day.

Get Ford Pills in the new Red-and-Gold unbreakable tubes for 2/6 and 1/- everywhere.

2/6 tubes hold more than three times the 1/- tubes.

PH

FORD PILLS

[ADVERTISEMENT]

1 WELL-TO-DO English couple, the Minivers (Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon), greet son Vin from Oxford.

2 OUTBREAK OF WAR finds Minivers and their neighbors ready, Miniver joining river patrol, Vin becoming a pilot. On leave, Vin goes back on a sudden recall, his father is called to patrol duty. Both are away five days.

3 ALONE, Mrs. Miniver bravely captures German pilot hiding in garden.

4 NEXT MORNING, Mrs. Miniver joyfully welcomes home her husband, as he returns from Dunkirk, weary, dirty, but triumphant.

5 AIR RAID proves their next trial, but the Minivers dauntlessly resolve to rebuild their damaged home.

6 VIN BRINGS HOME his bride, Carol (Teresa Wright), when he is called to action after honeymoon.

7 PERSONAL TRAGEDY strikes the Miniver home when Carol, farewelling Vin, is injured in air raid.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

GREER GARSON and Walter Pidgeon, teamed first in "Blossoms in the Dust," are co-starred again as husband and wife by MGM in "Mrs. Miniver," topical drama adapted from Jan Struthers' best-selling book of the same name.

Its story concerns a typical English family and the courage with which its members face war on the home front. Newcomer Richard Ney plays the Minivers' elder son. Dame May Whitty, Reginald Owen, Henry Travers, Henry Wilcoxon are also in the film.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mrs. John Roosevelt

Mrs. John Roosevelt, distinguished member of America's First Family, like so many other lovely American women, has for years followed the Pond's beauty ritual. Pond's Cold Cream leaves skin flawlessly clean, while Pond's Vanishing Cream gives invaluable protection against drying and roughening elements. Use Pond's two Creams together as a complete beauty method.

Pimples Go
Cause Killed in 3 Days

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away pimples. Use Nixoderm tonight and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth, and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Pimples, Boils, Red Blotches, Eczema, Ringworm, and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store today under the positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish pimples and clear your skin soft and smooth or money back on return of empty package.

Nixoderm now 2/-

3 times the quantity for .. **4/-**

Amazing HALF-HEAD Tests

Prove* New Shampoo's *Glorifying Action

Thrill to see your hair glorified by this amazing new shampoo — proved by the most daring tests ever made on a shampoo!

SHOWS THRILLING DIFFERENCE: *LEFT: Soap-washed side—dull, lifeless. RIGHT: Colinated side. Hair like silk.*

UNIQUE "half-head tests"—one side washed with **Colinated** *foam*, the other with soap or powder shampoo—gave amazing results: 1. Hair washed with **Colinated** *foam* was up to 33% more lustrous. 2. Felt smoother and silkier. 3. Retained natural curl. 4. Took better "perms," faster.

Not a soap, not an oil, this new **Colinated** *foam* can't make that gummy, unrinsable "scum" of alkaline soaps and powder shampoos. Leaves hair silky—soft and glistening, and twice as thrilling. Washes away completely all dirt, grease and loose dandruff.

Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for a bottle of **Colinated** *foam* **Shampoo.** (Economical, too, because it costs less than 4d. a shampoo.)

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At the Barracks...

at the Spring meeting

she's excitingly lovely with Pond's Powder and Pond's "Lips"

Secrets of defence organisation pass through her capable hands and still remain secrets. Secrets of her wartime beauty care she carries in the pocket of her smart khaki uniform . . . the green-and-gold case that holds her Pond's "Lips" and her compact that holds Pond's Powder.

She knows, you see, that Pond's Powder clings for hours and hours . . . whether she's on or off duty. And it has the soft, fine texture that so beautifully flatters a girl's skin. Pond's "Lips" don't smudge or fade . . . they stay on and on. All chemists and stores sell Pond's Powder and Pond's "Lips" . . . four lush shades.

THRIFT is a weapon to defeat the enemy. All of us have been asked to restrict our spending. You can help by cutting down on your use of our products. Make your lipstick and your powder spin out as long as you possibly can. Pond's Lipstick and Powder are naturally economical to use, but you can make them even more economical. In doing this, you'll save money that will help our war effort in more ways than one.

Pond's "Lips" Refills are now available at all chemists and stores.

Made by the makers of Pond's famous Creams.

Pond's Powder
Pond's "Lips"

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★THE SPOTLIGHT'S ON YOUR HAIR!

Constant daily care with Barry's Tri-coph-erous will give your daughter beautiful hair for the rest of her life.

Constant daily care with Barry's Tri-coph-erous gives you gleaming, lustrous hair that is lovely to look at and easy to manage.

Use Barry's Tri-coph-erous to stop Falling Hair, Dandruff, Premature Greyness, Dry or brittle hair, Over-oily or itching scalp.

BARRY'S
Tri-coph-erous
FAMOUS HAIR TONIC
Sold by all Chemists and Stores

Quick Haemorrhoid Relief

Dr. Leonhardt's **Vaculoid** is guaranteed to relieve any form of pile misery, or money back. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. **Vaculoid** is a harmless tablet that removes blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely or costs nothing. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee. •••

Your quarterly gift to save life . . .

● Here is some information, help, and advice to those of you who wish to become blood donors. — By **MEDICO.**

JANET SMITH wanted to be a blood donor. She had heard and read of others giving their blood so she thought she'd ask me just what it was all about.

She had an idea that it was something very heroic and weakening, but I soon put her right about that.

The Red Cross Transfusion Service has bled tens of thousands of blood donors in Australia. Some donors have given up to twenty transfusions in five years.

To-day, donors are giving their blood throughout the world on a scale hitherto undreamed of, so "mass bleeding" is no experiment.

Nations to-day look upon a blood-bank as a sort of life insurance. The blood is taken from large numbers, and treated so that it will keep for at least a year. The serum, as the long-lasting form is known, has saved thousands of lives, especially battle and air-raid casualties.

But it takes as many as ten donors to provide sufficient serum for the treatment of one badly-burnt or shocked casualty.

Simple procedure

WHEN you register at the Red Cross Transfusion Service headquarters (you'll see the address in the telephone book) your blood will be grouped and the percentage of coloring matter in your blood will be estimated.

A little later the Service headquarters will make an appointment and you will be asked not to have any fatty food for three hours before.

When you arrive at the bleeding centre you will be met by a pleasant V.A. in her smart blue uniform, who knows the answers to all your questions.

She takes you into the bleeding room where the severity of the white-gowned figures is belied by the smiling twinkle that greets you from eyes above white masks.

You see, your blood is so precious that it mustn't be even breathed on—hence the Ku-Klux-Klan set-up!

The V.A. makes you comfortable on a high couch, your arm is cleansed, the doctor injects a few drops of local anaesthetic, and while you're still waiting for something to happen the doctor says: "Thank you," and the V.A. brings you a cup of tea and a dainty sandwich!

You rest a while and chat to the other donors. You may feel a little tired that evening, but many donors say they feel better for their donation.

Three months later you can make another donation.

Actually, the volume of the blood you have given is made up in a few days, but just to be quite sure, and so as to spread the donations over as large a number as possible, the Red Cross puts your card into a "resting" cabinet for three months.

There is no special diet for making good blood. The food that helps to good bodily nutrition is the best for donors, too.

A pint of milk a day, wholemeal bread, cheese, eggs, fresh fruit, vegetables, and liver or kidneys once a week are the good foods for general fitness. Alcohol has no value as a blood-former.

The donor's greatest enemy is sweet tea with bread and butter or cake, taken instead of a regular meal.

Many a housewife has found that the coloring matter in her blood is too low for her to be a donor, simply because she has developed the bad habit of "something off the corner of the kitchen table" several times a day instead of a well-balanced midday meal of a cheese salad, wholemeal bread and butter, and a glass of chilled milk or hot coffee.

Too many sweet foods spoil the appetite for the good nourishing foods that the body needs for good health and good blood.

National fitness is more than an ideal—it's a necessity these days.

A MISSION OF MERCY demanding skill, efficiency, patience — V.A.'s photographed at work in an Australian blood-bank.

Coupon-savers from readers

● Queensland mother makes daughter's outfit from old garments and left-over wool, saves well over 30 coupons.

BETTY LAWRENCE wearing a pretty yoked dress made from skirt.

OUR files are bulging with shirt, trousers, and coat "savers." Patchwork housecoats, kimonos, aprons, jackets arrive by the score.

These photographs show two-year-old Betty Lawrence in frock made from her mother's skirt, coat from an aged garment, hood, gloves and socks from left-over wool.

She also wears pantees made from fleecy-lined bloomers.

Mrs. Lawrence forwarded complete details of the making-over of each garment.

She told us how she skilfully side-tracked moth-holes, blemishes, etc. The result you can see for yourself. And Mrs. Lawrence collects £1 prize for her big coupon-saving effort.

Something different is shown at right in the way of coupon saving—a day-time divan.

Miss Bessie Blake, Woollahra, writes:

"Being faced with the necessity of providing a loose cover to camouflage a single bed (which by removing the two high end pieces had been converted into a sun-room divan), I did some hard thinking plus a little rummage.

"I had by me two remnants of flowery material. These two lengths almost covered the top of the bed.

"Two old blue uniforms of Cesarine were unearthed, the tops of which were too worn for further wear, but the skirts were good, of the wrap-over type, and slightly flared.

"There was sufficient material to place a plain strip about four inches wide across the centre of bed, joining the two floral pieces together, and when the skirt pieces were joined up and attached to the top a slightly flared effect was obtained which took away any appearance of skimpiness."

BETTY looks a darling in this outfit which cost nothing.

READER wins prize of 5/- for this coupon-saving loose cover for divan made from rescued remnants and old uniforms. Saved 19 coupons.

Remember, prizes are awarded every week . . . Address your coupon-saving idea to Eve Gye, Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly Homemaker Department.

Sketches and diagrams or photographs and negatives plus diagrams and full description of the made-over article or renovation must accompany each entry.

BREAKFAST AT THE HOTEL SUPER-SPLENDIDE

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are not only more delicious than anything else, but they are also richest in energy value. Give your whole family crisp, crunchy, delicious Kellogg's Corn Flakes every morning.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Preparation for weaning

THE weaning period is often a very difficult time for both mother and babe.

A pamphlet giving weaning hints and full instructions for each week of weaning is obtainable free by all mothers interested in this problem. Send a request together with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel — And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired, and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3.•••

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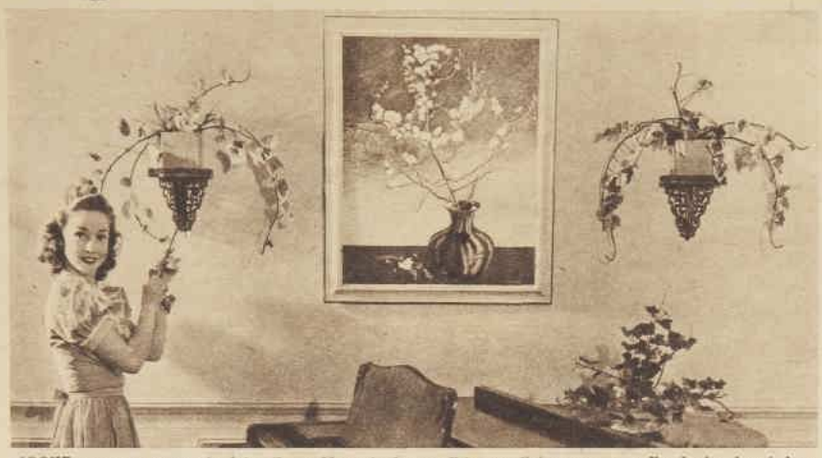
Bright idea for wall decoration



ABOVE you see one way of solving the problem of a bare wall in your living-room—a wall unbroken by windows or doors. A gay flower print is flanked by trailing ivy set in wall vases. This grows in water. When flowers are plentiful use them instead of the ivy. By the way, the girl in the picture is Bonita Granville, R.K.O. star.

FOR PERFECTION in make-up careful attention should be given, to the application of your foundation cream. "If you apply this haphazardly," says Jane Frazee, of Universal, pictured above, "you can't expect powder to look anything but patchy."

BEAUTY HINTS

RINSE your mouth each morning. Common salt is a good antiseptic, and it is alkaline in action.

★ ★ ★

KEEP your chin up. Don't let it sag. Physically it strengthens the muscles, keeps them young and taut, and prevents double chins.

★ ★ ★

A TOUCH of white vaseline to the eyelids after powdering will add allure to your eyes.

★ ★ ★

NOWADAYS nobody notices the size of your shoes, provided they are shapely and fit the feet well.

★ ★ ★

DON'T curl up in bed, as this will prevent the body from relaxing and you'll not have a good beauty sleep.

Raw Red CHAFING HEALED

★ SIX healing medicaments make Rexona Ointment the perfect remedy for all skin troubles.

1/6 in the green triangular tin (3 times the quantity 3/-)

O.36 32

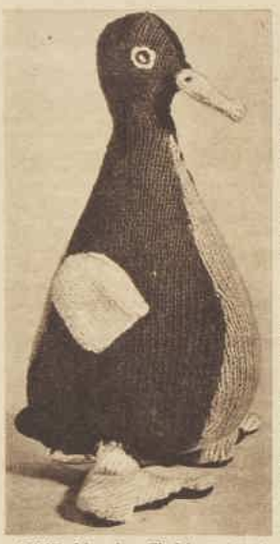
SKIN DISEASES

PSORIASIS entirely cleaned up with "PSORIGO," 1 lb. Proven Remedy. 6/6 posted.

For Free Advice on all Skin Troubles, call or send 2½d stamp for Examination Chart to DERMOPATHIC INSTITUTE, 271-9 Collins St., Melb., C.1. F6832.

DANNY THE DUCK . . .

● This cuddly toy was knitted from scrap wool.



KNIT him for Christmas—some little tot would adore Danny the Duck. Odd lengths of wool can be used. See directions at right.

Materials: About 2oz. of 3-ply scrap wool, 1 pair No. 11 knitting needles. Cardboard for feet. Stuffing.

Height of duck: 11ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; dec., decrease; inc., increase; tog., together; st., stitch; st.-st., stocking-stitch; sl. slip; p.s.s.o., pass slip-stitch over.

Tension: 6½ sts. to the inch.

N.B.: Double wool is used throughout.

Sole: Using No. 11 needles and 3-ply wool (double) cast on 3 sts. (k into back of all cast-on sts.). Purl one row.

Working in st.-st., inc. at both ends every alternate row until 21 sts. are on needle. Purl one row. Shape by working on first 7 sts. as follows: (K 2 tog., k 3, k 2 tog). Purl one row. (K 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog.). Purl one row. Sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o. Work the remaining sts. to correspond with the seven just completed.

Work another sole in the same manner.

Legs: Cast on 6 sts. Inc. at end of each alternate row 3 times. Purl one row. At end of next row, cast on 9 sts. Work 2 rows. (At end of next row k 2 tog. Purl one row) three times. (K 2 tog., k to last st., inc. 1 st. Purl one row) 3 times. (K 2 tog. at beg. and end of row. Purl one row) 3 times. Cast off.

Work another half leg in same manner. Then 2 more pieces with shapings at opposite ends of needle.

Beak (top): Cast on 5 sts. Purl one row. Inc. at both ends of next and following 4th row. Work 9 rows without shaping. Cast off.

Beak (bottom): Cast on 5 sts. Work 16 rows in st.-st. Cast off.

Sides: Cast on 21 sts. Purl one row.

1st Row: Cast on 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

4th, 6th, 8th, and 10th Rows: Inc. 1 st., k to end.

5th Row: Cast on 3 sts. Purl to end.

7th, and 9th Rows: Purl.

11th Row: Cast off 2 sts. Purl to end.

12th Row: K to last 2 sts. K 2 tog.

13th Row: P 2 tog. Purl to end.

14th Row: Inc. 1 st. at beg. K to last 2 sts. K 2 tog.

15th and Following Alternate Rows: Purl.

16th and 24th Rows: Knit.

18th Row: Inc. 1 st. K to end.

20th and 26th Rows: K to last 2 sts. K 2 tog.

22nd Row: Inc. 1 st. K to end.

Continue in st.-st., dec. at end of 32nd row. In the 38th row k 2 tog. at beg. and end of row.

Continue in st.-st. K 2 tog. at beg. of every 4th row and k 2 tog. at end of every 6th row until 17 sts. remain. Now k 2 tog. both ends every 4th row until 9 sts. remain. Work 3 rows, then inc. both ends of next and following alternate rows. Purl one row.

86th Row: Cast on 3 sts., k to end. Inc. in last st.

88th Row: K to last st., inc. 1 st.

90th Row: Like 82nd row. Work 3 rows without shaping.

Cast off 2 sts. at beginning of next row; k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Continue in st.-st., k 2 tog. each end every k row until 7 sts. remain. Cast off.

Work another side reversing all shapings.

BACK: Cast on 3 sts. Purling first row, continue in st.-st. inc. at beginning and end of next and every alternate row until 21 sts. are on needle. Then k 2 tog. each end every 4th row until 3 sts. remain. Work 3 rows. Sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o.

FRONT: Work as given for back until 27 sts. are on needle. Work 3 rows without shaping. In the next and following 6th row k 2 tog. both ends until 3 sts. remain. Work 3 rows, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o.

WINGS: Cast on 13 sts. Inc. at both ends of 2nd and 6th rows. Work 7 rows without shaping. Then dec. at both ends every alternate row until 3 sts. remain. Cast off. Work 3 more pieces in the same manner.

TO COMPLETE DUCK: Carefully press all pieces. Cut out 2 pieces of cardboard to shape of soles. Sew legs down centre front and down back. Join on soles. Before sewing side up, insert cardboard. Sew front to sides, placing front 4ins. from tail, and back 1in. from tail. Sew up remaining seams, leaving an opening at bottom. Sew up beak and attach. Sew wings together and place on body 1½ins. in from front seam. Embroider eyes on head, and 2 french knots on beak for nostrils. Stuff duck. Sew up opening. Stuff legs and stitch around bottom, taking stitches through cardboard. Then sew on legs.

It seems strange, doesn't it—but every jar of Vegemite you or your children go without actually helps our War Effort. You see, our troops need Vegemite and plenty of it.

As you know, Vegemite is a concentrated extract of yeast, which contains three vital vitamins—B¹, B², and P.P. (the anti-pellagric factor). That is why Vegemite is so necessary to our fighting men at home and overseas — these three vitamins are essential to physical fitness and well being.

So if you notice there is not quite so much Vegemite in your local shop, just remember that until we have won this war, some of your Vegemite will be going to the troops. And in helping them you're helping Australia along the road to victory.

VEGEMITE

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Olwen Francis gives you . . .

PERSONALITY MENUS

● Good housewives heed, without dismay, our Prime Minister's plea for the more austere way of living. They know that austerity need not spell dullness in food. They are planning the kitchen campaign.

WEAVE into the design for living a little color and imagination . . .

A flourish in the flavoring, a brightly-colored dish, a new garnish, a different combination of foods, a fresh twist to an old favorite—and the result is a brighter routine for yourself and personality - plus meals for the family.

MONDAY:
Attractive dishes from left-overs
Appetiser Salad
Mock Chicken Cutlets
Cubed Parsnip Greens
Fried Savory Dumplings
Hot Fruit Trifles

TUESDAY:
New ways with old favorites
Pea Soup
with Fried Bread Wafers
Devilled Shoulder of Lamb
Baked Onions and Marrow
Oven-cooked Minted Cabbage
Kentish Apple Pie

FRIDAY:
Austerity menu—but interesting
Liver Birds
Potato Cakes Creamed Carrot
Spinach
Caramel Cornflour Shape
Honey Sauce

SATURDAY:
Picnic at home
Barbecued Sausages
In Rolled Sandwiches
Hot Jam Griddlecakes
Fruit Coffee

BARBECUED SAUSAGES

Cover sausages with water, slowly bring to boil, and simmer for 5 minutes. Drain. Roll in flour and grill either indoors or out. Cut a sandwich loaf into thin slices, either length slices or across. Butter slices and spread lightly with mustard or chutney. Roll a slice around each sausage and skewer with small wooden picks.

FRIED SAVORY DUMPLINGS

These are little balls of savory scone mixture, deep fried and served instead of potatoes. Sift 4oz. self-raising flour and rub in a heaped teaspoon butter. Add 1 teaspoon finely-chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, and 1 tablespoon chopped ham or bacon (this may be omitted) or cheese. Mix to a soft dough with milk and roll into small balls with floured hands. Deep fry in fuming fat and serve freshly cooked and hot. (See picture.)

MAKING OVER is a popular pastime these days. The mock cutlets in the centre dish were concocted from the remains of a week-end roast; the sweet is a glamorised edition of cake-tin leftover.

HOT FRUIT TRIFLES

Cut stale cake or bread into neat shapes for individual service. Moisten well with milk or beaten egg and milk or with a fruit syrup. Stand for at least ½ hour and moisten further if the cake or bread is very stale and has absorbed all the first liquid. If bread is used sweeten lightly. Sprinkle top with grated orange or lemon rind, or spread with jam and cover with sliced fruit, fresh or stewed. Brush fruit with melted butter and sprinkle, if liked, with spice. Pipe or spoon a meringue of whipped egg-white and sugar in the centre of each shape. Place in a moderate oven (325 deg. F.) and cook until the trifles are hot and the meringue crisp and lightly browned. (See picture).

DEVILLED SHOULDER OF LAMB

Select a shoulder 3lb. or 4lb. in weight; have bone removed and use it for soup. Season inside well with salt and pepper. Brush shoulder with vinegar or lemon juice, inside and out. Prepare a bread seasoning, flavoring it well with chopped mint, eschalot, and a sharp chutney and grated lemon rind. Stuff shoulder and tie into a neat shape. Place on a trivet in a baking dish in a hot oven (450 deg. F.). Reduce heat to moderate (350 deg. F.) after 10 minutes and bake for about 1½ hours. Once or twice during cooking baste lightly with spiced vinegar.

LIVER BIRDS

Wash 1lb. lamb's liver and scald with boiling water. Drain, cover again with water and simmer for ½ hour. Drain and mince finely. Add about ¾ cup of thick white sauce, ½ teaspoon lemon rind, ½ teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, and about 1 teaspoon chopped onion and 2 tablepoons of chopped bacon (or less). Mix well, dip spoonfuls in breadcrumbs, coating thickly. Deep fry a golden brown and garnish with small wooden picks and cutlet frills.

MINTED CABBAGE

Wash cabbage and shred finely. Place in casserole with about 1in. depth boiling water. Season lightly and top with about 1 teaspoon butter or bacon fat. Cover and cook with an oven dinner. Time for cooking depends on temperature of oven. In a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) about 45 minutes is quite sufficient. When cooked and drained sprinkle with a mixture of 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon boiling water, and 1 dessertspoon sugar. Return to casserole, sprinkle liberally with finely-chopped mint, cover and reheat, serving piping hot.

HOT JAM GRIDDLECAKES

Sift 4oz. self-raising flour and mix to thick batter with 1 dessertspoon melted butter, 1 beaten egg, and about one-third cup milk. Flavoring essence may be added, or ½ teaspoon grated lemon or orange rind or ½ teaspoon spice. Drop batter in spoonfuls on a hot greased griddle or frying pan. Turn to brown and serve freshly-made with a jam sauce or jam or honey.

KENTISH APPLE PIE

Line a deep tart plate with short pastry. Trim edges neatly. Cover bottom thickly with thinly-sliced apple. Sprinkle with spice or finely-grated lemon rind. Cover with a thick custard made from milk, ground rice or cornflour and beaten egg (½ pint milk to 1 tablespoon ground rice and 1 egg). The custard is sweetened to taste with sugar or honey. Sprinkle top with chopped nuts and bake in hot oven (425 to 450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes, and then reduce heat to moderate (325 deg. F.) and cook a further 30 minutes. If pie is cooked with an oven dinner it may be cooked in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 1 hour. Serve hot or cold.

MOCK CHICKEN CUTLETS

Finely mince about 1½ cups cooked mutton, veal, or rabbit. Combine with ½ cup soft breadcrumbs and flavor with chopped parsley and about 1 tablespoon or more finely-chopped bacon or ham. Bind with thick white sauce or beaten egg. Season carefully. Chopped onion, about 1 teaspoon, may be added, if liked. Turn onto a floured board and shape into cutlets. Dip in beaten egg or milk, and then into fine breadcrumbs. Insert a small piece of macaroni in the end of each. Deep or shallow fry until hot and brown in fuming fat. Drain and serve hot. (See picture).

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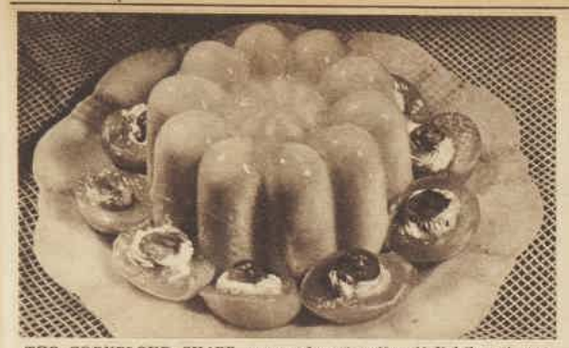

THE CORNFLOUR SHAPE makes elegant eating if lightly set and carefully flavored. This one is fragrant with orange rind and can be served with freshly-stewed apricots or peaches.

PRIZE RECIPES

● Readers share good recipes with others in this popular contest and win cash prizes every week for their enterprise.

HARD work usually develops hearty appetites. Few would refuse piping-hot banana wheatmeal rolls. Good fare for dinner and the lemon juice goes with the banana like blossom with the spring.

The next-on-the-list recipes are appetising concoctions.

Try the poached egg on savory kidney mixture for a special breakfast surprise, the onion tart for an all-at-home lunch. The radish slaw would make a delicious supper dish, served in a casserole or in small individual ramekins.

The parsnip crusted griddlecakes suit any meal of the day, and so does the liver spread, on toast for breakfast or supper, and on wholemeal bread sandwiches with lettuce or cress for the packed lunch.

BANANA WHEATMEAL ROLLS

Nine level tablespoons self-raising wheatmeal flour, 4 large bananas, 1 egg, 2 level tablespoons butter, little brown sugar (to taste), little lemon juice.

Rub butter into flour, add sugar, and mix with egg, adding a little water, if necessary, to make a soft dough that will roll out easily. Divide into 4 pieces and roll out each to about an ¼in. thick. Place one peeled banana on each piece of pastry, squeeze a little lemon juice over it, and roll up not too tightly, but carefully, so that the banana is completely covered. Place on a greased oven slide and bake for 20 minutes. Serve very hot.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Alsop, 15 Queen St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

BREAKFAST SNOWCAPS
(Serves 4)

Four poached eggs, 2 tomatoes, 4 rounds of toast, seasoning, 2 sheep's kidneys, 2 tablespoons minced bacon, butter or dripping.

Skin kidneys and remove cores. Chop roughly, and fry for a few minutes. Now add tomatoes, skinned and sliced, and the bacon. Fry for a few minutes more and add seasoning to taste. Spread the mixture on the toast and top each with a poached egg.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to R. Craig, 4 Grafton St., Cremorne, N.S.W.

ONION TART

One small cup milk, 3 eggs, 1 bunch spring onions or 1 large onion, 2 rashers lean bacon, ½oz. butter, salt and pepper to taste, short pastry.

Line a dish with good short pastry and bake till pale brown. Wash onions and chop finely, using green part. Fry onions in melted butter or dripping, turning well. Add chopped bacon and fry till cooked. Add milk and beaten eggs, well mixed, pour into pastry, and bake till set and slightly browned.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. L. Murphy, 8 Cloete St., Young, N.S.W.

COOKED RADISH SLAW

One dozen radishes, celery, parsley, 1 onion or few eschalots, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tomato, pepper and salt to taste.

Wash radishes, scrape and cut into thick rings or long slices. Cut tomato roughly and onion finely. Cut celery into small half moons. Place butter in saucepan, add finely-chopped onion. Cook for 2 minutes. Add tomato and all remaining vegetables. Cover tightly. Cook very gently until radishes are tender. Sprinkle the top with breadcrumbs and serve very hot with bacon rolls.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Winifred Ashton, Inverkip, Richmond Rd., Homebush West, N.S.W.

HOW GOOD ARE YOU at salads? Here are some nice suggestions: Soused fish with cucumber for Sunday's lunch; crisp green medley with tomato stars for Wednesday's supper; home-made cream cheese with salad fruits for Friday appetisers.

LIVER SANDWICH SPREAD

Take about 1lb. liver (lamb's, sheep's, or calf's), cut in slices and put into saucepan with water to cover, season well with salt, pepper, a dusting of grated nutmeg, and the grated rind of a lemon. Simmer gently till cooked. Then put through a mincer or pound thoroughly, add a little of the stock in which liver was cooked, so that a nice spreading consistency is reached. Put into jars and cover with clarified butter. Delicious on hot buttered toast or in wholemeal bread sandwiches for school lunches.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Blakey, Katandra West, via Tallygaroopna, Vic.

PARSNIP CRUSTED CAKES

Ten or 12 small parsnips, 1 egg, 1½ tablespoons melted butter, ½ cup flour, 1 heaped teaspoon salt.

Thoroughly wash and scrape parsnips. Boil 30 to 40 minutes, according to size, drain and mash thoroughly. Add egg (well beaten), salt, melted butter, and flour, stirring till mixture is smooth. Drop spoonfuls on a hot, well-greased griddle and brown both sides.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Enid Brooks, Peak Crossing, via Ipswich, Qld.

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DAVIS DAINTY DISHES

our first aid to food economy

TRY THIS NEW RECIPE

SNOWDROPS IN HONEY JELLY

First mixture: Dissolve 1 dessertspoon Davis Gelatine in ¼ cup hot water; add to ½ pint milk. Flavour to taste. Set in shallow container (a sandwich tin is useful) which will give a depth of about ½ inch.

Second mixture: Dissolve 3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine in ¼ pint hot water, add 2 dessertspoons lemon juice, 3 dessertspoons honey or more according to flavour, and make up to ½ pint with cold water. Leave until thickening slightly.

Take a sharp knife, dip into hot water, dry it and cut the firm milk mixture into cubes of even size. Pack these in an attractive arrangement in a shallow mould or loaf tin. Carefully add the honey jelly. Serve cut in large squares.

There's always a Davis Gelatine dish to give variety to foods that are plentiful, or to make scarce foods go further or to use leftovers skilfully. The foods are more easily digested and the best use is made of their nourishing properties.

Every woman interested in food economy should have a copy of the 'Davis Dainty Dishes' recipe book: send your name and address and 2½d. stamp for postage, etc., to any of the following:—

Department W, Davis Gelatine, G.P.O. Box 35838, Sydney; G.P.O. Box 4068, Melbourne; G.P.O. Box 1388K, Brisbane; G.P.O. Box 7128F, Adelaide; G.P.O. Box 588, Perth.

DAVIS GELATINE

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